

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XXXIV. }

No. 1928.— May 28, 1881.

{ From Beginning,
{ Vol. CXLIX.

CONTENTS.

I. THE FATHER OF PENNY POSTAGE, . . .	<i>London Quarterly Review</i> , . . .	515
II. THE BEAUTIFUL MISS ROCHE. By Mrs. G. W. Godfrey, author of "Dolly," "A Little Bohemian," "Auld Robin Grey, etc. Conclusion,	<i>Temple Bar</i> ,	529
III. THE MORALITY OF THE PROFESSION OF LETTERS,	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> ,	542
IV. THE FRERES. By Mrs. Alexander, author of "The Wooing O't." Part X.,	<i>Temple Bar</i> ,	547
V. WILLIAM BLAKE. By Frederick Wedmore,	<i>Temple Bar</i> ,	557
VI. A NIGHT ON MOUNT WASHINGTON. By Professor W. G. Blaikie, D.D., LL.D.,	<i>Good Words</i> ,	563
VII. ROUND DELIA'S BASKET,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> ,	570
VIII. DR. SOUTHEY AND THOMAS CARLYLE,	<i>Notes and Queries</i> ,	575
IX. UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF DR. JOHNSON,	<i>Notes and Queries</i> ,	576

POETRY.

CAMILLA,	514	MEMORY'S SONG,	514
THE SOWER,	514		

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & CO.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

CAMILLA.

FATIGUED by modern belles in town,
In country, and suburban villa,
I take my old school Virgil down,
And read the story of Camilla.

An exile king to mountain-lair
Retreating bears his infant daughter;
Her nurture—all a father's care,
Her lore—the forest craft he taught her.
With tiny hand she bends the bow,
Around her tender waist a quiver,
And on her cheeks the purple glow
That happiness and freedom give her.

She wears no bodice silken-laced,
No clouds of Tyrian dye enfold her,
But tigress-skin in savage taste
Depending from an ivory shoulder;
No gold confines her raven hair,
The dear delight of mountain breezes,
It floats untrammelled on the air,
Or hangs as happy nature pleases.

Twin buskins guard her fairy feet
From cruel flint and frosty weather,
Their tread so delicately fleet
As scarce to bend the blooming heather;
And roaming thus, a huntress-child,
Like Dian's younger fairer sister,
No game, however strong or wild,
In all the woodland could resist her.

At sweet sixteen Camilla won
Such peerless fame of budding beauty,
That many a mother urged her son
To lure the maid from filial duty;
But when some youth of courtly grace
Accosted her with lover's greeting,
She shook her arrows in his face,
And clapt her hands at his retreating.

So dear to her those forest glades,
With virgin liberty to range them,
Her mountains with their wild cascades—
She *could* not for a palace change them.
And so she kept, example rare!

"In *pulchro* corpore mens sana,"
For aged father all her care,
And all her kisses for Diana.
Temple Bar

G. S. H.

THE SOWER.

In the dim dawning sow thy seed,
And in the evening stay not thy hand.
What it will bring forth—wheat or weed—
Who can know, or who understand?
Few will heed,
Yet sow thy seed.

See, the red sunrise before thee glows,
Though close behind thee night lingers still.
Flapping their fatal wings, come the black foes,
Following, following over the hill.
No repose!
Sow thou thy seed.

We, too, went sowing in glad sunrise;
Now it is twilight, sad shadows fall.
Where is the harvest? Why lift we our eyes?
What could we see here? But God seeth all.
Fast life flies,
Sow the good seed.

Though we may cast it with trembling hand,
Spirit half-broken, heart sick and faint,
His winds will scatter it over the land,
His rain will nourish and cleanse it from
taint.

Sinner or saint,
Sow the good seed.

THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX,
GENTLEMAN."

Sunday Magazine.

MEMORY'S SONG.

"Causa fuit Pater his."—HOR.

THE earth cast off her snowy shrouds,
And overhead the skies
Looked down between the soft white clouds,
As blue as children's eyes:
The breath of spring was all too sweet, she
said,
Too like the spring that came ere he was dead.

The grass began to grow that day,
The flowers awoke from sleep,
And round her did the sunbeams play
Till she was fain to weep.
The light will surely blind my eyes, she said,
It shines so brightly still, yet he is dead.

The buds grew glossy in the sun
On many a leafless tree,
The little brooks did laugh and run
With most melodious glee.
O God! they make a jocund noise, she said,
All things forget him now that he is dead.

The wind had from the almond flung
Red blossoms round her feet,
On hazel-boughs the catkins hung,
The willow blooms grew sweet—
Palm willows, fragrant with the spring, she
said,
He always found the first; but he is dead.

Right golden was the crocus flame,
And, touched with purest green,
The small white flower of stainless name
Above the ground was seen.
He used to love the white and gold, she said;
The snowdrops come again, and he is dead.

I would not wish him back, she cried,
In this dark world of pain.
For him the joys of life abide,
For me its griefs remain.
I would not wish him back again, she said,
But spring is hard to bear now he is dead.
Macmillan's Magazine. A. M.

From The London Quarterly Review.
THE FATHER OF PENNY POSTAGE.*

DARWINIANS tell us, what indeed common sense so far backs them up in, that concentration of energy is the great requisite for survival. Store up force, and you or yours will have it ready in case of need. Spread your force over a multitude of objects, and it will be found wanting when the time for action comes. With men even oftener than with rivers breadth and sluggishness, narrowness and energy go together. Hence the immense value in English life of what Mr. Matthew Arnold calls Puritanism. Culture and *Geist* give exquisite pleasure to those who possess them; they cover a large surface of national life; they shape the aspect of society, even as a great French river shapes the landscape. Now and then they have a spurt of aggressiveness comparable with the floods of those French rivers; but, in general, their effects are slight outside their own sphere; while for the transmission of energy they are very unsuitable media. The people who have made their mark on this our modern world have generally belonged by birth and race to a narrow school. They have not usually kept to its traditions, but they have profited by the storing up of energy which is the peculiar work of such schools.

The Hill family is a notable instance of this. Their ancestors on both sides were, as far as can be ascertained, "Puritans" of a narrowly Calvinistic type. The father of Matthew and Rowland was brought up to such views. As we shall see, he broke away from them, and his doing so gave an opportunity for the stored up energy of generations to come to the front in the persons of his famous sons. The whole family is something almost unique. The way in which, in spite of difficulties, nay, as it were, incited by them "to breast the blows of circumstance," the brothers pushed on to success side by side, almost hand in hand, is

very rare in the history of man. Each seemed to supply what was wanting in the other. Matthew had the fun, the rollicking good-humor (unabated even during his frequent illnesses), which was somewhat wanting in Rowland. What they all had was stern conscientiousness and an intense love of liberty combined with a determination to assert their own rights. Ambitious they all were, Matthew and Rowland more so than the rest. When the former said to himself, "I will be a barrister," he was naturally scoffed at. Even his parents only gave his choice a qualified assent; and, no wonder, for he had no "connections" to help him, and as yet no Birmingham man had entered that branch of the legal profession. The recorder of Birmingham, however, the author of so many valuable changes in prison discipline, amply justified his leaving school-keeping and going up to Lincoln's Inn; and Rowland's career, if it seems to owe more to circumstances and less to his own determination than that of his brother, is quite as full of interest and instruction. The name of Miss Octavia Hill reminds us that the family energy was not exhausted in one generation. But our chief concern is with the postal reformer, of whom Mr. Gladstone said: "In some respects he is peculiarly happy even among public benefactors, for his great plan ran like wildfire through the civilized world;" and he reaped in his life the reward which is so often delayed till after death. Matthew's biographers are careful to remind us of the share which he had in the reform. Like every other subject of importance, the matter was discussed in the family. Rowland had long been thinking it over; and when the large surplus revenue of 1835 gave an opening for change, Matthew advised him to draw up a statement of his views; and then this scheme of postal reform was talked over between them, Matthew afterwards further helping to obtain for it the approval of the Legislature.

Sir Rowland Hill's "Life" is to a considerable extent an autobiography. After his retirement from public service he set himself to write the history of his great postal reform. This history forms, with

* 1. *The Life of Sir Rowland Hill, K.C.B., and the History of Penny Postage.* By SIR ROWLAND HILL and GEORGE BIRKBECK HILL, LL.D. Two vols. De la Rue and Co.

2. *A Memoir of Matthew Davenport Hill, Recorder of Birmingham.* By his Daughters ROSAMOND and FLORENCE DAVENPORT HILL. Macmillan.

the appendices, two-thirds of Dr. George Birkbeck Hill's two volumes; and even the earlier part is full of extracts from the "Prefatory Memoir," also drawn up by Sir Rowland himself.

The history, long as it still is, is greatly abridged, Sir Rowland having wished to leave to his relatives so detailed an account that they might be able at once to settle any question as to accuracy. He refrained from publishing it in his lifetime, because his vigor of mind and body were so weakened at the close of life as to unfit him for controversy, and because he hoped that after a little delay, and sufficient pruning, it might be placed before the public without wounding any one's feelings.

Penny postage was not brought into the world without pain and worry; and Sir Rowland, deprecating the charge of self-assertion, asks us to consider how much detraction and injustice he suffered, how his conclusions were ridiculed, and how, when the success so long denied was incontestable, the origination of the plan was claimed by others. His dismissal from office without recompense by a man of Sir R. Peel's high character was so unusual an act, that surmises are sure, he thinks, to arise by-and-by; and to guard against these he has heaped together corroborations of every statement that he advances.

His nephew appropriately dedicates the book to Mr. Gladstone, from whom Sir Rowland received unvarying and abundant sympathy, and of whose high appreciation of his services these volumes contain repeated testimony. It was not so with others; Sir Rowland had, in persuading people to adopt what seems to us an obvious improvement, an uphill fight against ignorance, routine, indifference, and jealousy. The public heard at the time something about his disputes with Colonel Maberly; but the systematic way in which he was thwarted, and his plans and intentions misconstrued, would be incredible were it not positively proved in every chapter of his history. Doubtless he was not the easiest of men to get on with. The painful punctuality which he introduced into his father's school,

and which at the close of his life he insisted on from his coachman, is a sign of weakness, not of strength, and could scarcely consist with that *bonhomie* which is invaluable in the head, above all in the reforming head, of a department. But the chief troubles between him and Colonel Maberly were caused by the strangely anomalous positions in which the two stood towards one another. A double headship, with ill-defined limits of power, is about the worst arrangement that could be devised for joint working. Sir Rowland was placed in circumstances which forced him to assert himself. He was tied up with the red tape of a jealous and narrow-minded office, which tried again and again to bring failure on plans that, but for official thwarting, must have succeeded. He, the stickler for punctuality, the eager reformer whose glowing anticipations realized the success, which he saw was the sure consequence of his changes, found himself hampered by delays, and the working of his scheme retarded by the little spokes with which routine tries to check the wheel of progress. No wonder such an earnest man got angry. Earnestness was the most marked feature of his character. It was seen in youth in the way in which he took in hand the organizing of his father's school, Matthew chiefly devoting himself to the teaching. It did not make him loved by his pupils. As his nephew says: "He constantly held that a master must be first feared and then loved. He was certainly always feared by his pupils and always respected, but he was never loved. Tender though his inward nature was, yet for their love he cared but little. He aimed at their welfare. In the discharge of the duty which he owed them, he was willing to make any sacrifice of his time, his liberty, and his pleasures. He ever strove to treat them with the strictest justice. But he asked for no return of their affection. Should he receive it he was gratified; but was it refused him, he could do without it." Such a character was scarcely fitted to get on well with men wedded to a system which the new scheme was overthrowing. We do not know whether one less earnest and decided, less determined

to insist on small matters — because to him nothing seemed small which was a help to improvement — might have worked better with Colonel Maberly; but whatever Sir Rowland may have lacked in graceful tact and winning manner, the public at once decided between the two. To the reformer it awarded honors almost unexampled during his lifetime; the obstructive it left to the contempt which followed his having done his little worst to thwart a reform on which, as by instinct, the whole civilized world seized at once.

We are very glad that Sir Rowland's nephew has not neglected genealogical anecdote. He cannot tell whether the postal reformer could claim kindred with the Sir Rowland Hill of Elizabeth's time, or with the famous soldier of the Peninsular War. The city chamberlain seems to have settled the question in the affirmative; for in presenting our Sir Rowland with the freedom of the city, he told him he belonged to a line which had already twice received that distinction. Of Rowland Hill the preacher not a word is said, though he and the great soldier were, we believe, of the same family. There were near ancestors, however, more real than the shadowy connection with Hampden and the author of "Hudibras," in whom the detestation of tyranny and zeal for civil and religious freedom were hereditary. Rowland's grandfather, James Hill, a baker in Kidderminster, dared to tell the squire's steward that he could not vote according to orders. Next faggot-harvest, therefore, he got none; and, as coal had never been thought of for heating ovens, he was put to great straits. However, he tried a mixture of coal and wood, gradually lessening the wood till he came to use little else but coal; and as other bakers, too, adopted the cheaper fuel, the squire's faggots got to be a drug in the market. The baker's brother, when serving on a jury at Worcester, was the only one of the twelve who refused a bribe. There was the same independence in the female line. James Hill's wife was the granddaughter of a Shrewsbury surgeon named Symonds, who had married the only sister of rich lawyer Millington. Symonds at a

contested election refused his brother-in-law his vote, and (as Sir Rowland's nephew expresses it) "Millington's Hospital now stands a monument of my great grandfather's persistence and his brother-in-law's implacability." No doubt young Rowland was indeed proud (his nephew assures us he was), and justly, of the honest juror and the man who lost a fortune by his vote. The history of Sir Rowland Hill's maternal ancestors is more romantic. His mother's grandmother, Sarah Simmons, an heiress, ran away from her uncle's house rather than be forced into a marriage which she disliked. She never claimed her fortune; but, supporting herself by spinning, married a working Birmingham man named Davenport. Fever raged in the town, and when a neighbor died no one dared go near the dead man's house. Mrs. Davenport, fearing lest his body should spread the plague wider, herself laid him in his coffin. In a few days she died, and her broken-hearted husband soon followed her. Her eldest child, a girl of thirteen, supported the family by spinning till the boys were old enough to be apprenticed. Then she took service at a farm, and married her master's son, William Lea, who once saved from drowning a poor woman who had been accused of witchcraft and thrown by the mob into a Birmingham pool. In all these and the other ancestors of whom mention is made, there is the strong sense of duty, the integrity, courage, and persistency which marked Rowland from his very childhood. The glimpses that we get of these Non-conformist families of more than a century ago show a simplicity of manners, and a respect for parents, and a devotedness to the public good for which our greater polish and our boasted "culture" are very poor substitutes.

The boldness of thought and fertility of mind which marked the postal reformer came to him from his father, a curious mixture of cleverness and wrong-headedness. "He had every sense but common sense," and so disregarded punctuality, that the school-bell was rung at all sorts of hours; while he so neglected accounts, that the school-bills were never sent in till the holidays were nearly over. He

looks in the engraving just like the typical Dominic in the old spelling-books, every inch a pedagogue; such a precisian in words that he took months over numeration, because he insisted on overcoming the Birmingham solecisms in pronouncing. "There was" (says our biographer) "no 'keeping' in his mind. In the image that he formed to himself of the world of learning, all things seemed to be equally in the foreground. All kinds of knowledge ranked in his eyes as of equal importance." The "metrical expression" of 1769 pleased him, while 1770 ended in what his ear felt was a bathos. *The Birmingham Mercury*, the two *m's* forming what he called "a collision," seemed a detestable name. He even amended the language of Euclid, substituting "the lines have mutual perpendicularity" for "the lines are at right angles to each other." Along with this want of mental perspective, he had real mathematical power: "Not a little that is now taught as new in the modern system of geometry was by him taught to his pupils." Among these pupils was William Lucas Sargant, author of the well-known "Essays of a Birmingham Manufacturer," who speaks of his resoluteness in making the boys understand things, more anxious for them to know why a thing is done than careful how they did it. "He looked at the bearings of every subject, irrespective of its conventionalities. In every case he would be asking, If we were to begin the world afresh, how should we proceed?" "Authority" had no weight with him any more than with his famous son, whom his nephew calls in this respect the very opposite of Keble. Thus, as early as 1807, he protested against the term "electric fluid," substituting "electric influence." In politics he was an eager reformer, yet no republican. The horrors of the Reign of Terror he never thought of condoning, but they did not scare him from the path of progress. Bonaparte he always hated. In that gloomiest of years, 1811, he wrote: "A Parliamentary reform is the only hope;" and in 1819 he said, with that reasonableness which marks the best English minds, of the proposal to transfer the franchise of Grampound to some large town: "Cobbett and Co. would persuade the multitude to despise the boon as falling far short of what should be granted; and thus they furnish the foes of all reform with a pretence for withholding this trifling but far from unimportant concession." Ten years later he wrote, with a

simplicity worthy of Don Quixote: "Were THE BILL once passed, one might hope for general amendment. Then should I think seriously of publishing my shorthand, which I am sure is a good thing. The more closely I compare it with other systems the more I like it." Dr. G. B. Hill gives a gloomy picture of the times of Thomas Hill's manhood: "The horrors of the French Revolution had infused (as Sir S. Romilly says) a savage spirit into many minds; the government was the most oppressive that had been since the Stuarts; and the middle and upper classes were sunk in an indifference such as had not been since the Restoration. There were scarcely any reformers left in Parliament; the great Whig party was either indifferent or hopeless; the criminal law was everywhere administered with savage severity. The bishops were ready to hang a poor wretch for stealing goods of the value of five shillings." (Why does Mr. Hill make hangmen of the heads of the Established Church?) "The royal dukes fought hard for the slave-trade. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, and honest men left to languish in prison."

In political matters Rowland's testimony is that their father was always right. From earliest memory he was a thorough free-trader; he laughed at objections to machinery, condemned laws against usury, advocated a system of limited liability, and proposed fifty years before Mr. Hare a plan for the representation of minorities. If his political and social views "invigorated his children's souls for the conception and accomplishment of many things great and good," his economic arrangements warned them of the need of a care which he never gave to business: "owing to his bad management he was never able to shake himself free from the burden of debt till his sons came to his help." The want of thoroughness in much that he did destroyed his chance of success. He took the world easily, and (naïvely adds our author) "the more he was troubled, the longer and more soundly he could sleep." His want of success in trade had led him, at his wife's suggestion, to set up for a schoolmaster; and the family was always poor, often in absolute straits. Rowland was glad to sell the horehound—a weed in his garden—in little bunches in the Birmingham market; and he and the future recorder buying hot cross-buns wholesale for the school, and mimicking as they carried them home the cry, "One a penny two a penny," etc., and being be-

set with would-be purchasers, rejoiced at earning a few pence by selling their stock retail. Thomas Hill, son though he was of a well-to-do baker, seems to have suffered sadly from want of books. His copy of "Robinson Crusoe" was a fragment; a neighbor, suspected of witchcraft, bequeathed him two books, which one of the trustees wished to have burnt for fear of harm. The baker saved them, and they turned out to be a geography and a "Euclid." The latter he fastened on at once, soon mastering it and going on till he got well forward in astronomy. Brought up in the narrowest Calvinism, he broke away and joined Priestley, in defending whose house during the Birmingham riots he was wounded so severely that he had to put off his wedding for a fortnight. His wife was just the complement to such a character; as practical as he was theoretical; as cautious as he was rash. He used to say that "the only merit he claimed in bringing up his family was that of letting their mother do just as she liked." Her parsimonious yet excellent management secured the children plenty of wholesome food, and such decent raiment as made them looked on by the poor as "gentle folks." Rowland says: "I scarcely think there ever was a woman out of France who could make so much out of so little." Rowland's steadiness he owed to her; he was even driven by his father's want of method and of steady persistence, and easy way of setting aside things that troubled him, to exaggerate his mother's idiosyncrasy, the result being "a certain rigidity of character which at times seemed to be excessive." Husband and wife got on admirably. Dr. G. Hill gives the following "charming story" illustrative of their mutual feelings. They had been married close on fifty years, when the wife, with, Birmingham plainness of speech, one day called him "an old fool." A child overheard him as he went slowly up-stairs, muttering to himself: "Humph! she called me an old fool, an old fool!" Then he stopped and was silent a few moments, till suddenly, rubbing his hands together, he exclaimed, "A lucky dog I was to get her, though." The family, as we said, often felt the pinch of poverty; almost the only resource the boys had was a fair supply of tools, and in the neighborhood in which they lived their constructive ideas were sure to get hints. Rowland, as he grew up, had to do much which in most families is wholly done by servants—going errands, cleaning, ar-

ranging, repairing, etc. The training told on him: "From a very early age," says one of his brothers, "he felt responsibility in a way none of the others of us did. If anything went wrong it was he who felt it." He had inherited little of his father's "buoyant optimism," and none of his contentedness when things were not as they should be. From a very early age his mother began to share with him the troubles that well-nigh weighed her down. They had only grown by her husband's change of occupation. Matters grew worse and worse as the French war went on. "Never surely yet," wrote her husband, "was a time when debts were collected with more difficulty, or left uncollected with more danger." She tried more than one plan to add to the earnings of the family, and every plan she used to talk over with Rowland when he was still a mere child. At times she was terribly straitened. Her brother-in-law, Williams, "a tradesman and a scholar," as her husband described him, once sent them in their distress a present of five pounds. "The sight of it," wrote my grandfather in a letter which I have before me, "produced in both of us mingled emotions of pleasure and pain. Pleasure as a strong, too strong, testimonial of your regard and affection, and pain, as it could but remind us of the toils and privations which you are undergoing to enable you to be generous as well as just. So powerful was the latter impression that our first impulse would have urged us to beg leave to return this too serious mark of affection; adopting the burning words of David, 'Shall we drink the blood of these men?' but cooler consideration led to the fear that such a measure would give more pain to you than relief to ourselves."

Here is an illustration (as his biographer well says) of Ferdinand's words: "Some kinds of baseness are nobly undergone."

One day my mother told me that she had not a shilling in the house, and she was afraid the postman might bring a letter while she had no money to pay the postage. She had always been careful to save the rags, which she kept in two bags—one for white, the other for colored. I was always sent by her on such errands, and I got this time about three shillings for the rags.

The son excelled his mother in one thing, punctuality. When he was disciplining his father's school, he determined to fix the dinner hour, which had till then

depended on everything being ready. His mother protested that a fixed time was impossible, because a big leg of mutton would take longer than a small one. "Put it down to the fire sooner, mother," was his reply.

We could gladly linger longer over these early years—over the lessons in astronomy given as he was trotting by his father's side, or carried on his back between Birmingham and Stourbridge; over his making an electrical machine; his taking up "Euclid" when he was twenty-five years old; his learning navigation at seventeen to give lessons to a young midshipman; over his useful intercourse with Mr. Beesley, a schoolmaster of his father's age and rank, who had such an opinion of him that, when the first Arctic expedition was started, he gravely said: "If the government really want to succeed they'll send my young friend Rowland Hill." How ready he was to follow the lines of thought opened by his father is shown by what was a standing puzzle to him from his twentieth year onwards, the effect which he thought the drain on the earth's momentum in grinding the pebbles on the shore ought in the course of ages to have in retarding the diurnal revolutions. The first occasion of his mixing much with boys outside his father's school was when he and Matthew went to teach lower mathematics at a school five miles off. Matthew could not walk, hence the following little episode:—

For the first time in our household history, a horse had to be bought. We had hitherto never dreamt of travelling by any other means than by feet. My father and I undertook the purchase. We had been informed that a certain butcher had a horse on sale. We went to his house, looked as wise as we could, and being informed that the price was twelve pounds, ventured, with some trepidation, to bid eleven. This was refused; the butcher declaring that he did not at all want to part with his horse, and that "his missis" had been scolding him for thinking of such a thing. My father was no more fitted for bargain-making than was the Vicar of Wakefield, and we agreed to pay the full sum. The butcher clinched the matter, as soon as the terms were settled, by taking down a leg of mutton, and offering to give it us if we would release him from his bargain. With this offer we were of course too cunning to close. I need not add that the beast was a sorry jade. When it made its first appearance at Mr. —'s school, the pupils tauntingly inquired which cost most, the horse or the saddle, which was new. I used to ride behind my brother till we were near the house, when I got down and walked.

In the end we resold the horse in the horse-fair for five pounds.

At this school the lads gauged a little the strange mixture of ignorance and learning in which their father had left them. The new boys they found far beyond Thomas Hill's pupils, and when, soon after, Rowland was engaged to give lessons to Dr. Johnstone's sons, it was forcibly brought home to him how little he as yet knew. "At his table," he says, "I heard matters talked of which I could not in the least understand." How painful this ignorance was to him is shown in a long extract from the "Prefatory Memoir." He did not blame his father, of whom he said: "You might as well scold a man for not being six feet high as him for lack of what he likes as little as he understands it, viz., system;" and he consoled himself by thinking that his education had been favorable to originality (as undoubtedly it was). "Perhaps if I had been a good classical scholar I should never have invented my system of operating on others" (his scheme of education). Of course he belonged to and founded debating societies, the subjects discussed at which (says his nephew) "would contrast favorably with those which used to be debated in the Oxford Union in my undergraduate days." He and William Matthews, a young engineer who hoped to make a canal through the Isthmus of Panama, but who died young, got up at five A.M., and worked at French till seven, intending to put on a teacher when they knew something of the language. While kept at home one Christmas for a fortnight by an attack of ear-ache, Rowland made such way that in one day he read a hundred closely printed pages of "Gil Blas." A three-guinea paint-box, one of the prizes offered by Sir R. Phillips, proprietor of the *School Magazine*, he won in 1807, being then not fourteen years old; and, in consequence, he was for some time destined to be an artist, and sent drawings to the Birmingham Exhibition.

His peculiar power, however, was that of commanding success. The way in which, not having himself any dramatic gift, he got up a theatre for his brothers, and undertook to be architect, carpenter, scene-painter, and manager, is an instance of this. He also made the apparatus for his father's electrical lectures to the Birmingham Philosophical Society, amongst these a revolving planisphere both of the northern and southern sky, showing the Magellanic clouds as well as the Great Bear. He was as successful in lighting

up his tinfoil stars as in blowing up some gunpowder by a mimic thunder-cloud; and, as a fellow of the Society had lately failed in all his experiments, critics remarked on the number of assistants "Hill had had, adding he had better have brought the rest of his children and his wife to help him." "Which remark (says Sir Rowland) touches the key-note of our success. Each one of us has always been ready to help the others to the best of his power; and no one has failed to call for such assistance again and again. Each one recognizes in this a main cause of such success as he has attained; and I cannot too emphatically declare that to mine it has been essential."

When Mary Ashford was murdered by Thornton, who escaped, using the since abolished right of appeal, and throwing down his glove and demanding wager of battle, Rowland took his class to the spot, surveyed the ground, and made a map of it, clearing thereby £15. A dishonest tradesman copied the map; but there was no redress, because the month only and not the day of publication was specified on the plate.

Now came the time of his school reforms, the easy-going father showing no signs of vexation, though one of the brothers writes, "It is an old sore to witness my father's apathy amidst all our exertions." After setting right the school bell, and fixing the dinner hour, and getting up very early at the end of the quarter to make out the bills, which used never to be ready till very near the end of the holidays, he took in hand the entire management of his father's money affairs, and "a heavy responsibility it was" for a lad not yet seventeen. He soon paid off all the debts, "and was very much complimented by the creditors."

The speech day at Hill Top School must have been a grand affair. Not only was there a display of penmanship, parsing, and wonderful mental arithmetic, but scenes from Shakespeare were acted, and once an act of Plautus's "*Captivi*." The mental arithmetic was so perfect that the elder boys extracted cube roots far quicker and better than Zerah Colburn, the famous American. How they were brought to find the moon's age for any day of the year approximately by epacts, and also the day of the week corresponding to any day of the month, and, by a combination of the two processes, the day of the month corresponding with Easter Sunday in any year, is partly explained in one of the appendices; the wonder is that in

his eightieth year Sir Rowland could recover any part of a process which he had not touched for fifty years. His school system was so elaborate as to demand his whole energy to keep it going; indeed, for years he went on simplifying in practice the rules with which he had started. His career as a schoolmaster he described as a series of experiments; yet he so mixed boldness with caution that all his plans worked; and "such a school as one might have thought could scarcely exist even in Utopia yet flourished in Birmingham." In 1822 Matthew and Rowland published their "Plans for the Government and Liberal Instruction of Boys in Large Numbers; drawn from Experience;" and "in spite of its fancifulness and dogmatism and even arrogance, the work can still be read with pleasure, though in later life Sir Rowland greatly doubted whether he should send his own son to a school conducted on such a complicated system." Among other things a court of justice was established in the school, the judge being chosen every month by the boys, and the assizes being held weekly. The next thing was to give the boys a constitution, the value of a boy's vote in the representative system being determined by his place in the monthly examinations. Then came a benevolent society, not to help the boys, but to teach them to look into and to help distress. The regularity with which his complicated machine worked was marvellous; it is very seldom that a constitution which is made and has not grown up slowly answers so well. The boys entered so heartily into the law and representation business that juries and committees used to meet before breakfast and work without regard to school time, play hours, or meals, one jury deliberating from noon till past eight p.m. with nothing to eat since breakfast. Another feature in his school scheme was "voluntary labor" — allowing and encouraging boys to take up favorite subjects during their leisure time; "one sequel of this plan was seen in the case of a little boy who took up drawing, and showing power, had it fostered then and afterwards. He was Thomas Creswick." Fighting was checked in the following way: those who wished to fight gave notice of their intention to the magistrate; if, after six hours, he was not able to settle the dispute, he, with two assistants, took them to a retired spot in the playground where they could fight it out, not a single boy being allowed to be present. Mr. Sargant's verdict is

that "all this was done at too great a sacrifice. The thoughtlessness, the spring, the elation of childhood, were taken from us; we were premature men, the school being a moral hotbed, which forced us into a precocious imitation of maturity. Some of us had a great deal of the prig about us; . . . our constitution, discipline, instruction, were in a perpetual flux; the right to-day was wrong to-morrow; we learned to criticise and doubt everything established. 'Whatever is wrong' might have been our motto, and we had a conceit that we could amend everything." The master of this strange school was hot-tempered and even passionate, and adopted the following mode of curing himself: "He gave public notice to the boys that if any one saw him in a passion he might come up and tell him so, *receiving a small reward for so doing*. This reward was obtained more than once." His biographer may well say "his impatience arose from an overwrought brain; there was always in him a nervous fidgetiness that things should be done rightly;" and though this fidgetiness disappeared in the calm of later life, it must have hindered his getting on well with the post-office functionaries. The family energy showed itself also in Arthur, who worked so hard to get up Latin, that he might take Matthew's place when the latter entered at Lincoln's Inn, as to injure his eyesight. Believing that frequent exercise in Latin dialogue is of the greatest use, the young master was so assiduous that, before he had been long installed, some of the boys performed on speech day the whole of Plautus's "*Captivi*." The father made about this time the following characteristic entry in his diary: "Rowland und Arthur are most laborious and successful fellows. I hope that they are building a reputation that may make them comfortable in their fortunes. But all that is human is precarious. Time and chance must happen to them as to all. A good conscience is the only treasure ensured against all risks, and this is a treasure which I trust my dear children will never feel the want of." They were successful; Hill Top became too small, and Rowland was architect and clerk of the works of the new school at Hazelwood.

Rowland's fondness for walking-tours, his delight when near Shrewsbury he first saw real hills and caught sight of the Severn, his doing the last mile of a twenty-eight miles' walk in a run, how he nearly got taken up at Dover for sketching the castle, and how he and Matthew raised

money for a trip by lecturing on electricity — all this is pleasantly detailed. The description of the Margate steamboat of 1815, which took about twelve hours from London, and which sneering carpers called a smoke jack, is very curious. 1816 was, like 1879, a year of floods, as the boys found when doing in a day their forty miles from Ashbourne to Birmingham. On one of these trips in 1817 he saw Kemble act for the last time. He appeared in "*Coriolanus*," and the ardent young reformer, whose journal was full of protests against the passing of "gagging bills," etc., was disgusted to find the Covent Garden audience "jingoish" enough to cheer the anti-popular sentiments with which the play abounds. The sight of Stonehenge led him to anticipate Sir John Lubbock: "I think it would be well if government must purchase this and every other valuable antiquity, and preserve them as much as possible from injury." This same year he tried his digestion severely, actually experimenting on the nutritive value of different foods by living for three days on green peas and salt, for three on damson pie, and so on; strength of constitution (the Hills were on both sides a long-lived stock) saved him; but he got "an acute pain in his left side nearly all one day." Two years later Campbell came to lecture on poetry at Birmingham, and while there placed his sons, who had been educated at home, with the Hills; a few months after this they moved into the new buildings, which, little more than a year later, were almost entirely destroyed by fire, caused by the spontaneous ignition of some wet Brussels carpet.

The next event in the "Life" is the expedition to Ireland to inspect the Edgeworth-Town Assisting School, founded by Miss Edgeworth's brother. On their way Rowland and his brother Arthur saw street gas for the first time in Manchester. The misery of the Irish cabins, and the makeshift style of everything astonished them. Under the bed in the best inn at Edgeworth-Town they found a store of old shoes. To the school was attached a plot of land in which the poor boys were allowed to earn their school fees, and so eager were some boys to earn by working over time that a penalty was fixed for beginning work before the appointed hour. A boy was caught working at two A.M. to buy clothing for his mother; he was forgiven, and "as soon as the petticoat was bought it was hung from the top of a pole, and borne in triumph through the street,

all the boys marching in procession, their landlord at their head." Among the characteristic stories the best is that which tells how Mr. Edgeworth went out at midnight to the schoolhouse, had a beefsteak cooked, and heard songs from monitors and assistant masters till two in the morning.

"Public Education" was well received; the *Monthly Magazine* praised it; and Bentham, to whom Matthew Hill gave a copy, sent a friend to inspect, and on his report placed two young Greeks at Hazelwood, besides highly praising the system to Dr. Parr. Grote heard the boys construe Homer, and in consequence two of Mrs. Grote's nephews were removed from Eton and placed at Hazelwood. The influx of visitors became a nuisance; among them were Lord Lansdowne, Brougham, De Quincey, Babbage, etc. And the fame of the school was so widespread that pupils flocked in from the newly-founded republics of South America.

In the midst of all this success Rowland's health almost broke down; "Writing a letter [he wrote to his brother] always costs me a headache." Illness succeeded illness, and he went through several severe operations; and just at this time the school, praised by Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh* and by De Quincey in the *London Magazine*, suddenly rose in numbers, and needed therefore much effort to maintain discipline.

More anxiety, too, was brought on by the news that James Mill, Brougham, and Bentham were thinking of founding near London a school on the Hazelwood model. The Hills determined to forestall them, and after much search Rowland found Bruce Castle, a delightful old house at Potter's Bar, standing in the lovely fragment of a once large park. To this house Rowland took his bride, of whom an old friend once remarked: "If he's the father of penny postage, I know who was its mother."

Of course, school-keeping on this scale was gainful, and for many years the Hills had all things in common, each taking what he wanted from the joint fund. When at last a division was made, the younger brother Edwin was appointed arbitrator; and in the partnership which followed, the expenses allowed to each brother were regulated by the number of his children. In any difficulty there was a family council, and for mutual insurance there was the "family fund." The following letter, written at the close of 1867, shows how strong was the family feeling:

MY DEAR MATTHEW, — Thank you very much for your kind and affectionate letter. Fortunately, the members of our family have always been ready to assist one another, consequently each has worked with the combined force of all. This was markedly the case as regards the penny postage; but for your great help and that of our brothers, I should have accomplished but little. No one, I am sure, has a better right to draw consolation from past services than yourself. Not only have you individually and directly effected a vast amount of good, but you have been the pioneer for us all. — Very affectionately yours,

ROWLAND HILL.

The stateliness of this letter is as noticeable as its warmth of feeling; in both it contrasts with the hardness and flippancy which too many nowadays have come to consider good form. Yet the bringing up of the Hills had not been on the old-fashioned plan of deference to authority. At every meal — "meals of the simplest kind, where for many years nothing stronger than water was drunk" — there was a debate in which parents and children alike were on an equality. But it was the equality of mutual respect; a more loving and united household it is hard to imagine. They were not a mutual-admiration society, but they knew one another's worth, and valued one another accordingly. The father writes: "Believe me, my beloved son, that whenever troubles assail us, we mechanically turn to thoughts of our children for comfort. . . . That you and all our offspring may be as fortunate as we respecting this first of parental rewards, the prudence and integrity of children, is our most earnest prayer. Greater good luck it were useless to hope for, almost impious to desire." The mischief of such a life was its narrowness. At twenty Rowland says that outside his own family he knew no one intimately except two young men: "I enjoy so much the society at home, that I do not feel the want of a very extensive circle of friends." In politics they were narrow and prejudiced, and had the common fault of men very remote from power, and ignorant of its duties and responsibilities, viz., extravagance in demand and expectation. Friction with the world forced them from much of this, but the heaven remained in a somewhat exacting temper, which was not the best accompaniment of office. A strange group they formed. Matthew, the soberest-minded, straining every effort to do something at the bar; Rowland writing, "Much to the disgrace of the City, Pitt's monument still remains in the Guildhall;" Edwin wish-

ing to be apprenticed to Huskisson, that he might learn political economy; Howard, who died young, dreaming of establishing a socialist community for foundlings; and all so closely linked together, that they looked at home and nowhere else for help and counsel. Dr. G. B. Hill enlarges as follows on the close unity which found expression in the family fund and family council:—

This curious league of the brothers was due to many causes. From childhood they had been steadily trained up in it by their parents. They had long lived all together under the same roof. The eldest son, who left home at an earlier age than any of the rest, did not finally quit it till he was six-and-twenty. Each had a thorough knowledge of the character of all the rest, and this knowledge resulted in thorough trust. They had all come to have a remarkable agreement on most points, not only of principle, but also of practice. The habits of one, with but few exceptions, were the habits of all. He who had ascertained what one brother thought on any question, would not have been likely to go wrong had he acted on the supposition that he knew what was thought by all. They were all full of high aims, all bent on "the accomplishment of things permanently great and good." There was no room in their minds for the petty thoughts of jealous spirits. Each had that breadth of view which enables a man to rise above all selfish considerations. Each had been brought up to consider the good of his family rather than his own peculiar good, and to look upon the good of mankind as still higher than the good of his family. Each was deeply convinced of the great truth which Priestley had discovered and Bentham had advocated, that the object of all government, and of all social institutions, should be the greatest happiness of the greatest number for the greatest length of time. In their youth their aims were often visionary, but they were always high and noble. If they were daring enough to attempt to improve mankind, they were at all events wise enough to begin their task by setting about to improve themselves.

It is strange that their freedom of speech did not hinder their success as schoolmasters. The Council sometimes protested, but still they went on startling outsiders by what wider experience often showed was rash dogmatizing. But after the migration to Bruce Castle, Rowland at any rate mingled with men who were able to discern the real power which underlay the dogmatism. Poor-law reform was in the air; and Rowland was urged by Lord Brougham to prepare a paper on "Home Colonies for the Gradual Extinction of Pauperism," the idea being drawn from the home colonies of Holland. His

health, however, did not improve, and in 1833 he gave up school-keeping. We then find him with Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Shaw Lefevre, Wheatstone, and others, forming a society for studying scientific and other matters in concert, such study promising greater results than the efforts of one mind, even though of greater calibre than any in the community. This is a curious feature in the thought of fifty years ago: socialism had got such a hold of men's minds, and Owen at New Lanark seemed making it so successful, that its applicability to scientific investigation seemed feasible. The Hills went further, and drew out many plans for a "social community" which was "to free them from the need of too hard work, and to secure them freedom of speech; they had schemes for moving heaven and earth, but they wanted a fulcrum. They had no leisure." How far their "community" would have secured them that independence, which, if it is chiefly enjoyed by men of ample means is, nevertheless, remarks Dr. G. Hill, within the reach of those who have but simple wants, is doubtful. Their father spoke truth when he wrote, on hearing of the scheme: "My dear son Rowland, you and your brothers are the last men to make monks of." The scheme differed from the pantisocracy of Southey and Coleridge in that it was planned by tried men of ripe years, who well knew the value of money, and whose criticism on Owen was that he admitted people too indiscriminately to his communities.

In a list of suitable members, Dr. Southwood Smith and Mr. Roebuck are named; indeed, the scheme, it must be admitted, was a selfish one, planned to secure advantages to the members, some of them undoubted, "as superior education for our children; increased security from infectious disorders," etc.; some questionable, as "mitigation of the evils consequent on the employment of servants;" some vague, as "increased opportunities of producing extensive good;" and "probable power of appearing before the world advantageously by means of mechanical and other discoveries." A preparatory step was to find an intelligent man who had left other pursuits for farming, and had succeeded. All this time Rowland was working for the Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge, and jotting down proposals which contain the germ of the Parcels Delivery, the General Omnibus Company, etc. It was to Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield, the enthusiast

for colonization, that Rowland owed his first public appointment. He started as secretary of the South Australian Colonization Commission, and held the post nearly six years, till in 1839 he got an appointment in the Treasury. While colonization secretary he successfully battled with unpunctuality by making the ship-owners maintain the emigrants during the interval between the appointed day and the actual day of sailing. During this time he made an important improvement in the printing-machine, helped by his brother Edwin, who afterwards invented the machine for folding envelopes which was shown at the Exhibition of 1851. Rowland's plan was to print by a rotary machine on a continuous scroll, Fourdrinier's patent producing paper in such scroll; but it was not brought into use for five-and-thirty years, owing to the refusal of the Treasury to let the stamp be affixed by machinery, instead of having each separate sheet sent to the Stamp Office.

His connection with the Treasury gave the great postal reformer the needful fulcrum. In 1837 he published his "Post-office Reform, its Importance and Practicability," the result of much previous thought, to which he had been led since, as a boy, he heard his father talk of "Palmer's great improvement" made in 1784 — the employment of stage-coaches instead of the irregular horse and foot posts. The Hills had sometimes been in such straitened means that the postman's rap was not always welcome, especially when he brought an unpaid trade-circular. Many were the expedients for saving postage. The Hills never posted a letter to Haddington (which would, at the lowest, have cost 13 1-2d.) nor to Shrewsbury, but sent their whole correspondence in tradesmen's parcels. Letters used often to be sent on the understanding that they were not to be paid for, simply to let the persons to whom they were addressed know of the sender's welfare. Newspapers, unless franked, were charged as letters; but any one was at liberty to use the name of any peer or M.P. without his consent. The newspaper publishers had a name printed on the wrapper. The young Hills, on a tour in Scotland, carried with them a number of old papers, and indicated Rowland's state of health by the names they selected for franking. Sir F. Burdett was to imply vigorous health, Lord Eldon would almost have brought one "of my brothers after me in anxiety and alarm." The abuses connected with the franking sys-

tem were manifold: a member's frank would cover but an ounce, but some kinds of franks served for unlimited weight, and were said to have freed a great-coat, a piano, etc. Every M.P. could give so many franks a day; and poor creatures used to hang about the clubs with folded letter paper — envelopes then were not — begging any member to sign, and afterwards selling their franked paper to any one who wanted to send off a letter in a hurry.

The point which Rowland insisted on was that the post-office, forbidding any one else to perform its functions, was bound to render its own performance as complete as possible. In estimating what changes were likely to be most effectual he had to trust to blue-books; for he had never been inside any post-office, and had been refused permission to see the working of the London office. One very evident piece of bad management was saddling the letter-carriers with the collection of postage, made more difficult by the prodigious variety of rates — more than forty on single inland letters alone. All the proposed reforms, however — though few of them were as clearly called for as prepayment — were based on certain calculation. The total cost of conveying the mail from London to Edinburgh, for instance, was found out, the weight estimated, and the cost per letter deduced. In this case it was found to be the thirty-sixth of a penny. Cost of conveyance, in fact, had little relation to distance, but depended much on the number of letters conveyed. Increase this, therefore, as you would be sure to do by reducing postage, and the cost per letter would be diminished. Moreover, as the expenses of receipt and delivery were the same for all letters, while the cost of conveyance was so insignificant, a uniform rate would be a step towards absolute justice; and the rate, if uniform, must be as low as the minimum then in use. The problem, therefore, was: what loss of net revenue would follow the adoption of a uniform penny rate, and would such loss be compensated by the advantages of the new system? Indeed, great as was the increase in letter-writing which Rowland foresaw (so great that he considered his system a valuable aid to education), he reckoned on "a moderate permanent loss as a proper sacrifice to the public weal," and therefore chose a time when there was a large surplus ready to make it good. Helped by Mr. Wallace, M.P. for the new borough of Greenock, Rowland drew

up his plan, and early in 1837 placed it in the hands of the government, and Mr. Labouchere at the same time gave notice of a motion to amend the post-office laws.

The new plan was first tried in the London district, stamped penny covers being used, and prepayment encouraged by doubling the rate for unpaid letters. Of course the need of change was greatest outside the "twopenny-post" circle. Instances were daily cropping up of exorbitant postage; thus a ship's captain posted in Deal for London a packet weighing thirty-two ounces, the charge for which was over £6!.* Petitions in favor of the penny post now began to come in: Lord Ashburton presented one to the Lords, and Mr. Foote to the Commons; but Lord Lichfield, the postmaster-general, said that "Mr. Hill's plan was of all the wild and visionary schemes he had ever heard or read of the most extraordinary," and asserted that if it was adopted four hundred and sixteen million letters would have to be annually circulated in England instead of one hundred and seventy millions to produce the present revenue. When the plan was partially adopted, penny stamp covers, the grand Mulready envelopes that some of us remember, were used; but the public never liked them, and the affixed stamp so rapidly came into favor that a vast quantity of the envelopes had to be destroyed. But, pending the complete introduction of the change, evidence of existing anomalies went on accumulating. It was found that in the manufacturing districts some carriers made it their sole business to collect and distribute letters, "which they did openly, without fear of consequences." Publishers and merchants used to write a number of letters to individuals living in the same neighborhood on one sheet, which, when it had passed through the post, was cut up, and each piece delivered by hand or through the local post. Mr. Cobden reported that five-sixths of the letters from Manchester to London do not pass through the post-office. Round Glasgow letters were put into the weavers' bags, which the manufacturers sent to the neighboring towns; indeed, everybody agreed as to the extent of the illicit traffic except Colonel Maberly, who "knew from long experience, when he was in Parlia-

ment, that merchants and interested parties are very apt to overstate their case." It was the same with foreign postage; when regular ocean steam traffic was established between Liverpool and New York, the postmaster provided a big bag, but found, to his astonishment, he only got five letters in all, though by the first steamer at least ten thousand letters were sent all in one bag, which was opened at the office of the ship's consignee. The high rate of postage was shown to tell very disadvantageously on artisans: "The Shoemakers' Society of Nottingham say that three hundred and fifty people have come to them for relief. . . . Very few of these would have gone on tramp if they could have sent circular letters at a penny to a number of the largest towns to find whether or not a job could be got." They also encouraged a selfish spirit, encouraging absentees to forget those they had left; nay, for want of practice, those who had learned at school soon forgot how to write. Some of the reformers were strangely extreme; Lord Ashburton was for free postage: "You might as well tax (said he) words spoken on the Royal Exchange as the communications of various persons living in different towns. You can't do it without checking very essentially the disposition to communicate." So, again, Mr. Jones Loyd (Lord Overstone) thought that national galleries and public walks were far less valuable to the community than easy intercourse by post: "If there be any one thing which the country ought consistently with its great duties to the public to do gratuitously it is the carriage of letters." Rowland Hill did not go so far as this; every division of the service he held should be self-supporting; and it is remarkable that, during the discussions, he carried the post-office authorities with him; Colonel Maberly and most of his colleagues liked the idea of a uniform rate, as it would facilitate operations. They did not think, however, that the public would like prepayment, and all kinds of frivolous objections were made to it, one being the difficulty of prepaying "half-ounce letters weighing an ounce or above"! The only plausible objection was that "more letters could be taxed in a given time by the plan then in use than by charging by weight," but this was refuted by experiment; while, as to the fear lest a vast increase in letters should be too much for the mail coaches, it was proved that "all the chargeable letters in the thirty-two mails leaving London weighed only fourteen

* Another absurdity was that of double letters. A missive so small that it was nicknamed "letter for Lilliput," containing an enclosure, bore double postage; one eight inches broad, over a foot long, and weighing an ounce, but all written on one sheet, had its postage single.

hundred and fifty-six pounds — less than what a single coach could carry."

At length, after committees and reports and much talk in Lords and Commons, the bill became law in August, 1839. Miss Martineau writes: "The alteration in Rowland Hill himself since he won his tardy victory is most interesting. He was always full of domestic tenderness and social amiability; and these qualities now shine out, and his whole mind and manners are quickened by the removal of the cold obstruction." Many Whigs had helped to thwart him; even Sydney Smith talked of "this nonsense of a penny postage," and Lord Monteagle used to smile it down at evening parties. But the hindrances were partly due to Hill himself. His manner in those days — his slowness and hesitating speech — were not recommendatory of his doctrine to those who would not trouble themselves to discern its excellence and urgent need. If he had been prepossessing in manner, and fluent and lively in speech, it might have saved him half his difficulties, and the nation some delay. It is hard to understand the conduct of the obstructive Liberals, harder still to explain the meanness which prompted Mr. Baring to try to engage Rowland Hill for two years at £500 a year, he undertaking for that sum to give up his whole time to the public service. His brother Matthew's objection to his closing with the offer, even when the salary was doubled, was that the post-office authorities had over and over again condemned the plan as visionary, and were therefore pledged to prevent it from succeeding; and (he added) "your importance as compared with that of others will be measured very much by comparison of salary, we English being *chrysocratic*." The salary was raised to £1,500, and endeavors were made to secure the reformer a commanding position. He soon began reforms of all kinds. The sorting-room, for instance, was small and very ill-ventilated; he had it divided into two floors, "knowing that mere height is but a secondary consideration;" and, for the removal of the bags, he recommended the lifts already in use in cotton-mills. Troubles, as Matthew had foretold, soon began. The increase in letters fell short of expectation, and croakers prophesied a continual deficit. Mulready's envelope was made fun of in the newspapers. Chemists found out ways of cleaning obliterated stamps. In fact, the progress of reform was slow; and when, in 1842, the Merchants' Committee

urged the complete execution of Rowland Hill's plan, and the Parker Society affirmed that its very existence was owing to penny postage, the reformer suddenly received notice of dismissal. Sir R. Peel was led to take this step by the manifest difficulty of "employing an independent officer to supersede the responsible officer of the department;" the *imperium in imperio*, in fact, was not found to work well. Rowland offered to "ease matters by working without salary;" but this rash offer was naturally rejected and a select committee was appointed to inquire into the working of the new system. It was found that the post-office was wrong in all its prophecies. The returns were vitiated to the extent of £600,000 a year by the transfer from the Admiralty to the post-office of the packet service; £15,000 worth of Irish stamps, counted to England, swelled the expenses. Rowland Hill's examination in chief before the committee is a monument of his industry; the way in which he got up in a couple of days matter filling one hundred and thirty-four pages of blue-book, and equivalent to two volumes of a novel, is almost unprecedented.

But there was a deficit, from which the simultaneous reducing of colonial rates made the recovery slower. Between Mr. Goulburn and Mr. Baring, therefore, Hill was removed from his anomalous position of Treasury-watcher over the post-office, and remained out of office till the Liberals came in again. During this time he received the splendid testimonial of £13,000 as a retainer to ensure his being ready when the post-office should once more be open to him. He was employed by various companies — the Brighton Railway, for instance; and made an income much larger than his official salary. When he was reinstated it was as joint secretary with Colonel Maberly, as unsatisfactory an arrangement as could possibly have been made. Of the disputes, and thwartings, and mutual recriminations which followed, Dr. Birkbeck Hill gives us a great deal too much. One secretary was obstructive, the other somewhat unreasonable. His harsh cutting down of the clerks' fortnight's leave from fourteen working days to fourteen days in all shows the temper of the man, in whom zeal for the public service and that pedagoguish spirit of which he never wholly got rid, now and then crushed out kindly human feeling. Stamps — which, by the way, were not a new invention, but had been recommended long before by a Scotch

namesake of Dr. Chalmers, and had, we believe, been at one time used in France — gave a good deal of trouble. They were imitated at the Polytechnic, by Colonel Maberly's authority, to show how easy forgery was. There were all sorts of troubles about the obliterating ink, which some chemist was always finding a method of washing off. There was the mortification of having to destroy the whole stock of Mulready envelopes, the really beautiful design of which was so laughed at by the press that the public would have none of it. At last the reformer succeeded in getting rid of his fellow secretary; and from that time, till he resigned in 1864, he was able to carry out all his reforms unchecked. One of these was the plan, invented by his nephew, Mr. Pearson Hill, of collecting and delivering by means of nets the mails at stations where the trains do not stop. What is most astonishing is the great simplicity of many of the new arrangements; one wonders why they were not made before, and how plans which were every way unsatisfactory, for instance, such as that of charging by the number of enclosures, instead of by weight could ever have got into use. When Rowland Hill resigned, the government granted him £20,000 instead of the small pension which was his due. In the summer of the same year he was made honorary D.C.L. of Oxford, on which occasion Punch wrote: "Sir Rowland Hill came to receive his crowning honor — the man of letters in the home of learning. Again and again came the cheering in a storm, and had the grateful undergraduates known that an earnest and thoughtful face, with white hair around it, on the vice-chancellor's right, was that of a brother who had come to see his brother receive his guerdon, another cheer would have gone out for Matthew Davenport Hill." Matthew was then very different from what he had been in the days when, newly married, he jumped up behind the hackney coach which its graceless Jehu had driven against his wife's dress in Lincoln's Inn Gate, and seizing the whip furiously belabored the man with it to the admiration of a group of pugilists gathered outside a Chancery Lane public house. Still the family presence of mind remained in him undiminished. Very near the end of his life he was on the platform in a large public hall, when a cry of fire was raised. The audience rose, and a rush to the door was imminent. The chairman, his face ashy pale, was

quite unable to still the panic; when Matthew Hill, starting to his feet, cried: "All who are not cowards will sit down at once;" and the people sank into their seats as one man. There was in the old man the same fun, too, which used to make him the life and soul of the Hill household. Even his graver brother came in for a share of this. Thus when Garibaldi came to England and Sir Rowland met him at dinner at the Fishmongers' Hall, he at once attacked him on the question of the postal service in Italy. "I think," said Matthew, when his brother told him the story and added that Garibaldi did not seem very delighted, "if you were going to heaven you'd stop at the gate and ask St. Peter about the number of daily deliveries."

Both brothers broke down in health towards the end of life; but Matthew was not tried with so long a period of infirmity as Rowland. His health gave way in 1871, yet not so entirely but that he hoped to take part in the International Prison Congress in the following year. When the congress met he was at rest, after a short but very painful illness. Rowland was an invalid for years, unable to bear the least noise, scarcely able to move from room to room. He had compensations, however: the Birmingham people set up a statue to him in his lifetime, and nearly all the civilized world adopted almost at once his great reform. Even to the last he saw his old suggestions, as to newspaper postage, etc., gradually carried out; and his end was peace. The quiet interest of the latter part of Dr. Birkbeck Hill's second volume contrasts pleasingly with the wearisome details about the joint secretaryship.

The chief interest of the book, however, undoubtedly centres round the Hill household when the sons were growing up. To the details which he gives us the recorder's daughters add but little. Matthew appears in both works as the dramatic actor of the family. He remembered the geometry, as Rowland remembered the astronomy, which their father taught them in their walks. Little Matthew, however, found fault with the fourth proposition, where one triangle has to be laid upon another. "There is no postulate (he said) to justify this;" and thenceforth (he tells us) I conceived such a contempt for Euclid as an impostor that the subject was laid aside for years." That they were not both utterly spoiled by their father's lavish praise shows a good sense far beyond their years. But then,

in so many things, they were beyond their years. Matthew, at twelve, was teaching; Rowland, at fourteen, made out the school bills. How these men grew to be what they were is even more interesting than how they did the work for which their previous training had fitted them.

Rowland getting up at five A.M. to learn French; painting the scenes for the play that Matthew had written; getting laughed at by the lively Matthew for correcting Shakespeare's grammar ("saw whom?" he and his father substituted for Hamlet's "saw who?"); helping Colonel Mudge to survey Birmingham, and pointing out to a farmer the Roman road which he had passed almost every day for fifty years without ever noticing it; organizing such a complicated school system "as could scarcely have existed in Utopia, and yet flourished in Birmingham;" carrying everything out with the regularity of clockwork, making his boys move to and from their seats to music; earning money for his Margate trip by a lecture at Stourbridge, and on his way looking in at picture-galleries and characterizing Turner as the only man who paints the sun, — all this is much more interesting, and tells us much more about the man's real nature than the post-office squabbles or even the post-office triumphs. Nothing was too small for Rowland; his "Plan for the Better Instruction of Boys in Large Numbers" contained a recipe for drying boarders' shoes; he was so accurate in minutiae that he corrected the Vernier pendulum to the one-hundredth part of a second. The brothers (except Matthew) were too exclusively school-masters, talking "shop," and occupying their leisure in school plans to the injury of their health; but Dr. Hill's book is enlivened by much extra-scholastic matter. Rowland and his travel-comrade, for instance, tramping from inn to inn on his first visit to Lancashire because those which they first came to were called "hotels," and an "hotel" seemed likely to be too dear, is a sketch which we should be sorry to lose. It reminds us that, if the Hill family was an instance of concentrated energy, it also set a grand example of that "poor living and high thinking" which is so rare nowadays.

We have hinted at the fondness of all the brothers for schemes of social reform, and their sympathy with Robert Owen's settlement on the Wabash, and his Hampshire "New Harmony," the success of which they held was imperilled through admitting people indiscriminately without

previous training. "Find a man who has left other pursuits for farming and has succeeded" was Rowland's recommendation when something of the same sort was (as we have said above) proposed by the family.

But we must close. We do not think it needful to institute any comparison between the brothers, or to attempt to fix the postal reformer's place among our public benefactors. What both of them did in the way of benefiting their country is sufficiently known. They had their reward, and the coldness with which the public met last year's attempt to raise a Rowland Hill memorial shows that the brother whose work is the more visible has, in the opinion of the many, already been adequately rewarded. Dr. Hill's book shows how the father of penny postage acquired his powers of organization, how his energy was strengthened, his self-confidence nurtured by the circumstances of his early life. Even if he had never given up school-keeping he would have been a notable man. His biographer rather sneeringly says: "Had Dr. Arnold thought a little more of suffering and a little less of sin Rugby would have been a more satisfactory place." Rowland Hill was not an Arnold; but in his way he was at least as great a man. As an inventor we may truly say of him: he had aimed at doing something for the world, and he lived to know that his success had been far greater than his hopes, and that the world was not ungrateful.

From Temple Bar.

THE BEAUTIFUL MISS ROCHE.

BY MRS. G. W. GODFREY,

AUTHOR OF "DOLLY," "A LITTLE BOHEMIAN," "AULD ROBIN GREY," ETC.

PART III.

THE clock has counted out twelve hours since Dorothy stood by the window and saw her friend in her lover's arms.

It is but a short space of time if measured against all the hours and days and weeks that go to make up the sum of one woman's life; and yet it is possible that they may compass within their lagging minutes more of misery than is spread out through all the years of an average existence.

It is not many of us who can point to the exact hour or minute at which all the hopes of our life — stretching out before

us but a moment ago with a fair certainty — lay suddenly and cruelly slain under our very eyes. From most of us they go slowly, one by one, slipping through our fingers, so that thinking that we hold them fast we find them gone — and cannot tell precisely when it was we lost them.

But it was not so with Dorothy. For all the years of her life — be they many or few — she will remember the hours that lay between the evening of one day and the breaking of another.

And though sleep comes to her towards morning — a heavy, fitful, dream-destroyed sleep — it brings neither rest nor solace. What solace indeed can there be for one who in the passing of a moment has irretrievably lost all that made life happy and pleasant in the present — and all that promised to make it still more happy and complete in the future? Through the slow-creeping hours of the night, while there is none to see her, she makes no stand against her misery. The pains of an intolerable jealousy, the still more intolerable smarting of her sorely wounded pride, have undisputed hold of her. For a while they even overpass the pain of having lost the man she loves. Not the least part of her misery is the fact that her downfall has been brought about by the woman whom she has trusted and befriended against all warning and advice, and that she might if she had armed herself with that secret weapon of distrust with which most women encounter each other, have guarded against her betrayal. From any other hand the blow would have come hardly enough — from *hers* it has the additional weight of an unbearable ingratitude. But when the first agony of her passion has spent itself there comes, with a burst of bitter heart-breaking tears — such tears as a woman sheds but once in a lifetime — the remembrance that she and Raymond are parted forever, that the arms which have held another woman can never, through all the years to come, again hold *her*, that she who has loved him so has never, all the time, had anything more than his affectionate regard, his just esteem, while this other with her exquisite, seductive beauty has had his love — as men and women count love.

The day-dawn creeping in at her window finds her spent and broken — worn out with such sobbing as might have touched the heart of the cruellest woman — finds her sunk into that heavy lethargy which is but a poor, worthless substitute

for the innocent, dreamless sleep of her happy, untroubled girlhood, but which carries at least the consolation of temporary oblivion.

But even that is not left to her for long. With the full daylight comes a painful and sudden awakening, and such a full remembrance of her misery as makes even the semblance of sleep no longer possible. With pained and heavy limbs she — with an effort of which a weaker woman would not have been capable — goes carefully through her morning toilette. Out of all the chaos of feelings, thoughts, and resolutions that have passed through her mind during this most miserable night, but two remain certainly fixed there. One is a hatred — a most bitter and passionate hatred of the woman whom she once had befriended and almost loved, and the other a determination that she will so play her part that until all her friends have dispersed and gone their several ways they shall none of them guess that she and Raymond are divided forever, least of all shall they guess that it is Miss Roche who has come between them. How she is to do it she hardly knows. She only knows that the pity, the sneers, and the gossip of these people would be the last straw that would make her burden intolerable to her — and that she will hold the knowledge she gained last night in her own sole keeping until she is out of sight of their eyes, out of sound of their voices. This poor, pitiful thing that she calls her pride is the only salvage that is left to her from the goodly cargo of hopes and pleasures that she owned but a few days ago.

But though one may force some very respectable smiles — though one may even arrive at a fair semblance of laughter to cover a breaking heart — one cannot, by the greatest effort of will, wash out the traces of such a night of weeping and watching as Dorothy's had been. It is no small additional measure in the cup of her discomfort to know as she sits in the bright morning sunshine at the head of her table — and in the presence of them all — that she is looking her very worst.

Hers is one of those small faces that one night's havoc can reduce from something that is very near prettiness to something that is equally near to plainness.

When she sees it reflected in a mirror opposite to her — the swollen, sodden eyes, the drawn, pinched features and blue-white cheeks from which the tears have washed every scrap of color, and glancing from it to Miss Roche takes

in the full measure of her rival's beauty—the soft, deep eyes, beautiful with a new tenderness, the delicate skin which, whether it be pale or flushed, seems always to attain to the perfection of what skin ought to be—she almost in her heart acquits her lover. Certainly a man might almost be excused that having once looked at that face he should care no longer to look at hers.

"What on earth have you been doing to yourself, Dorothy?" says Mrs. Drysdale, who is not blessed with a fine tact. "You look as if you had been crying all night!"

At this near approach to an unsuspected truth more color comes into Dorothy's pale cheeks than has been there all the morning.

"I think I must have caught cold," she says, putting up her handkerchief to hide some of her small and rueful countenance from her cousin's searching eyes. "I never felt so shivery in all my life. I am afraid we were dreadfully imprudent, after all."

"You must have been mad!" says the squire for the hundredth time, "stark staring mad! One would think you were all of you old enough to know better than to behave like a parcel of silly children directly one's eyes were shut."

They all laugh—they are so used to the squire's scoldings that they never by any chance take any notice of them.

"It *was* imprudent," says Mrs. Drysdale placidly. "But—it was very pleasant. Was it not, Mr. Knollys?"

This random arrow, shot at a venture out of pure mischief, and simply because her roving, inquisitive eyes have noticed something strange and ill at ease in his manner, hits its mark.

Though he has passed the age when men color as readily as girls, he is conscious that he reddens under her look, and that she knows it.

"It is not all imprudent things—or people—that are even pleasant," he says, looking back at her, perfectly aware that there is enough in her history to give point to his words, and too angry to spare her.

As it is he gains his end. For the rest of the breakfast she leaves him, at least, in peace. He has no more to fear from her. And at last it is over. At last, Dorothy is free to turn her back to the light, and to the inquisitive or anxious eyes of her friends.

Her wan and miserable looks do her at least one good turn. The squire, being

once started on the subject of colds, descants on them for a good half-hour, and is only stopped by the promise that, for that day at any rate, Dorothy will shut herself up within doors.

So by an unexpected stroke of luck, and without any striving of her own, she is saved from accompanying her friends on the expedition that has been long ago arranged for their pleasure.

The meet for the day is to be at Brackley Wood, in Lord Aveling's place, and, being so near at hand, it has been settled that not only those who can ride but those who cannot shall go to see the hounds throw off.

It is pretty certain to Dorothy that Miss Roche, specially and personally invited, will not miss so good an opportunity of showing herself off. It is also almost as certain that Raymond, though he has said no word on the subject, will not hunt on a day when Lord Aveling keeps open house, and he may be forced to accept his hospitality, and that at the last moment he will make some excuse to cry off. So that she may almost count on some hours out of which she may find some minutes alone with him. There is little she means to say to him by way of reproach—only to tell him that she knows of her betrayal, only to beg of him as a last favor that he will help her keep the secret for the few days her friends remain with her, to confess to him that she can better bear to guess their wonder and their pity than to see them.

Even that much—God knows—will be hard enough to say, but easier, a thousand times easier, if she be absolutely alone with him, than in a house full of people, with the chance of curious eyes upon her.

She watches the first start—of the riders—from the hall, and having satisfied herself that Raymond is not among them, she obeys, meekly enough, the squire's last order—shouted out as he swings himself into his saddle—to betake herself within doors to her warm room. She knows that the phaeton has been ordered for Mrs. Armitage and Olympia, and her own little pony-carriage, with the pretty roans that were her father's last present to her, for Stracey and Miss Roche, but she has no particular desire to witness their departure.

It has been hard enough for her to feign the most ordinary courtesy to Miss Roche during breakfast-time, and she knows that the less she sees of her the more likely she will be to get through

these last days without betraying herself.

In her little room she sits by the fire, shivering enough to convince the squire, if he were there, that she has indeed caught cold. But it is with misery — not with cold.

With her arms resting on her knees and her miserable little face pressed down on her hands, she sits waiting until the sound of wheels shall assure her of their departure, her heart beating near to suffocation. When they are gone she will ring the bell and bid them send Raymond to her, and then — she hardly dares to think what then. All her life she has loved him so tenderly, so utterly; and now she is waiting to part from him in bitterness and anger.

That one thought leaves no room in her mind for any other.

She hears the sound of wheels scrunching over the moistened gravel. She listens until they die away into the distance. They are gone, but she gives herself yet another minute in which to gain courage and strength. The slow tears gathering unconsciously in her eyes are trickling through the shut fingers, and he must not see them — for she wants to be brave and strong, as a woman should, who has all the right on her side. She is still sitting so, with her hands before her eyes, willing to put off if only for a few minutes the most bitter task that was ever set her by God or man in all her brave, young life, when she hears the door-handle turn and the door open gently.

It never occurs to her that it can be any one but Raymond, and for a moment she cannot look up — then she gathers all her courage together to meet the brunt of the battle, and drawing her hands away from her eyes sees — not Raymond, but Miss Roche.

"You!" she says slowly — eyeing her with cold and dismayed aversion. "I — I thought you were gone!"

Most certainly she had not bargained for this — to be shut up alone with her rival — face to face. In the revulsion of overwrought feeling she forgets utterly the part she has cut out for herself — forgets even the tears that are still hanging wet on her lashes, betraying her.

"Did you?" says Miss Roche, coming towards the fire with that slow and easy step which is one of her many beauties. "I had not the slightest intention of going, but neither had I any intention of explaining before them all why I —" She stops suddenly. The words die on

her lips. She is near enough to see Dorothy's face. "What is the matter?" she asks, in quick, changed tones — her own cheeks paling suddenly. "Have you been — feeling worse?"

If she had been Mrs. Drysdale she would have said *crying*. Being herself, she changes the word at the last minute.

But Dorothy has had time to remember.

"I am neither better nor worse," she says quietly and coldly, taking up a book the better to conceal her face. For the life of her she cannot so far control her manner as to make it anything but cold. She has never learnt hypocrisy, and it is too late to begin. "My cold is heavy — that is all. They — they always go to my head and eyes."

Even while she says it, she knows she might as well have left it alone, and that her first attempt at artifice has not been a successful one.

There is a minute's silence, during which Miss Roche, seeming to be standing before the fire, and examining some of the hundred-and-one nicknacks that adorn the mantelpiece, is in truth watching Dorothy with a profound and uneasy distrust.

It is she who speaks next — apparently altogether changing the subject.

"Did you talk to Lord Aveling last night?" she asks lightly. Only Dorothy knows her well enough to understand that the lightness hides some unexplained anxiety. "Did he — did he speak to you of me?"

"Probably; I hardly remember — he generally does," says Dorothy, turning the leaves of her book.

"And," smiling a little, and yet never relaxing her close scrutiny of Dorothy's face — "not very amiably, I suppose?"

"Why should he not?" (looking up this time).

"Because" (carefully arranging a grotesque Japanese figure that has fallen on its face) "when one has mortally wounded a man's pride, one naturally fears his vengeance. Last night he asked me to marry him, and I am not sure" (with a little laugh of indifferent success) "that I did not say yes; but afterwards I changed my mind, and said no. That was harder, was it not, than saying no outright?"

A moment's pause. A hundred words leap to Dorothy's lips, and are thrust resolutely back. There is a noticeable interval before she can control her voice.

"I hardly understand," she says slowly, her eyes fixed resolutely and sternly on

her rival's face. "Supposing he were as ungenerous as you give him credit for, what is it that you fear? What harm can he do you?"

In spite of herself, and of the long training in diplomacy that has presumably been hers, Miss Roche feels herself coloring under that steadfast look.

"Who can say?" she answers, shrugging her shoulders, and curling her lips. "When one has wounded a man's vanity, what will he not do?"

But to that Dorothy makes no answer. She takes up her book, and holds it in front of her in an ostentatious silence that might last forever, as far as she is concerned. She regards it as her strongest safeguard.

But Miss Roche cannot let well alone. She knows it would be wiser to accept the part Dorothy has so evidently laid out for her, that she has only to imitate her coldness and reserve, and they may part without scene or scandal of any sort; and yet one of those irresistible inclinations, which have before now driven the cleverest criminals to their own conviction, compels her to find out the worst that Dorothy knows of her.

"What is the matter with you?" she says quickly, turning round—altogether changing her tactics. "What makes you speak to me and look at me in such a manner? If it is not Lord Aveling, who is it who has —" She stops suddenly, the words dying on her lips, paralyzed by a sudden and horrible thought. Is it possible—barely possible—that the man for whose sake she has been more treacherous than even a bad woman cares to be, has repaid her by confessing his fault and her share of it? At the bare thought every vestige of color recedes from her face—leaving her very lips livid. "Is it"—coming a step nearer and looking at her with dilating eyes—"Is it Mr. Knollys who has been talking to you of me—again?"

But in a moment she sees that she has gone too far.

At the mention of her lover's name the poor, frail barrier of pride that Dorothy has set up against her natural anger is knocked utterly down. She springs to her feet, letting her book fall to the ground, her face alight with passion.

"You want to know whether I have found you out," she says, in a voice that though it is neither loud nor shrill, seems to ring through the room. "Well—yes, I have. I know now" (regarding her from head to foot with a contempt that

passes the expression of words) "*what you are.*"

For a moment they stand so—facing each other, and it is difficult to say which is the paler, which is the more passionate of the two. Miss Roche does not move hand or foot, she stands as one struck by a heavy blow.

"You know—what?" she says after a long pause—and her voice sounds dull and strange.

"Last night," Dorothy goes on, in low, stern tones, steadied by an enormous effort, "I was at the window behind Lord Aveling when he came out to you on the terrace. I know"—with a momentary tremble—"how you, whom I have cared for and trusted, have betrayed me—as surely no woman ever betrayed another before. I had meant to hide my knowledge from you; but now" (her voice rising)—"now that you have forced it from me, now that you know that I know, my position between you would be unbearable; I will not endure it another hour! You must go!"

Miss Roche's pale lips curve into a most bitter smile, and a savage fire lights itself in her great soft eyes.

"Are you quite sure," she says, mad-dened beyond endurance by the scathing contempt of Dorothy's look, "that there will be no one to take my part? that if I go—I shall go *alone*?"

"I do not know," the girl answers, neither blenching nor quailing before this last insult, but facing her with a resolute courage that compels her admiration. "And God knows I hardly care. I only know that you have done your worst. There is very little more harm you can do me. I *could* not be more unhappy. I might be more degraded."

And so speaking she turns away and, laying her hands upon the mantelpiece, rests her face upon them. After all, her passion has been but brief—her misery has outlived it.

But Miss Roche stands, just as she stood before—her hands clenched in front of her—an intolerable sense of her own abasement and a passionate anger against the girl who has found her out, and condemned her with such unfeigned contempt, distorting her lovely face.

"Have you forgotten," she says in a harsh, strained voice, that is utterly unlike the low, soft tones her lovers have found so seductive, "that if I go all the world will know *why*—that the blame which will fall on me, will fall equally on *him*?"

Then the anger which was growing weaker in Dorothy's heart leaps up with a dying flash. She turns round—her eyes ablaze.

"No!" she says, with a clear, proud voice, and a bitterness that is altogether new to her. "The world will know better than that. It will know that when a woman throws herself into a man's arms, he is hardly to blame if he receives her there."

And having said it she knows that she has said her worst. No weapon in all her armory of outraged love and pride could she have sped with deadlier effect. Though a moment ago she would have said that Miss Roche's face could be no paler, it changes now to a sickly, deadly pallor, to which its former whiteness was almost healthy by contrast.

She takes one step forward,—with a gleam in her eyes which convinces Dorothy of that which she had always suspected, the intense passion lying dormant beneath a profound calm—then she turns deliberately away.

"A minute ago," she says, in a low, intense voice, "I pitied you. I was sorry for you. Now—you need expect neither pity nor mercy from me. I will take you at your word—I will go."

And with slow footsteps—steadied by a great effort—she goes.

The door opens and shuts, and Dorothy is alone. Then, and not till then, her composure and her dignity, going hand in hand, forsake her utterly, and with a terrible cry that seems to carry in its passionate pain the bitterness of a breaking heart, she throws herself prone on the ground, and with her arms flung across a chair and her miserable face buried in them, abandons herself to an agony of weeping. In all her loved and tenderly nurtured life she has never cried as she cries now. She had been too young to know when her mother died, and the griefs and troubles of her childhood and girlhood have never, even at their worst, seemed beyond alleviation; but now her sobs—cruel, racking sobs that seem to tear her heart and all her tender body—are the sobs of a woman who knows herself forsaken, who, even in the midst of her pain, cannot but remember that the world has only one word for those who find themselves in her position. A word that would make even the wet cheeks of a broken-hearted woman scorch with shame—she has been jilted.

She is still sobbing so, with her head buried in the chair—deaf to all other

sounds than the sound of her own crying—insensible to the fact that at any moment she may be thus surprised, insensible, indeed, to everything but her own pain, when a hand is laid on her shoulder.

"Stop crying—for God's sake, stop crying. I cannot bear to hear you! Dorothy! I cannot bear it—you will break my heart!"

She recognizes the voice—low and hoarse as it is. She knows it is Miss Roche—come back; but even that does not stop her sobs. She has indeed reached that stage when she could not control them if she would.

"Dorothy—stop! stop! Listen!" (laying her hand on her and trying to turn her face round). "I am sorry—I was mad, I think—and I had forgotten" (her voice breaking and one tear rolling down to join Dorothy's)—"forgotten, dear, how good you have been to me. I will do anything you tell me—there is *nothing* I will not do to make you happy again."

For a moment Dorothy raises her tear-stained, disfigured face.

"Go!" she says, pointing to the door. "Go away—and leave me alone! That is all that you can do for me!"

Miss Roche draws away the hand that was laid on Dorothy's head, and stands erect.

"Do not fear!" she says, quite quietly and gently. "I am going, and when I have gone you will never see my face again. Perhaps some day—not now, not now—but in the years to come—you will say to yourself, 'She was bad enough, but at the last she did her best to make atonement.' Dorothy" (coming nearer and raising her voice a little), "I cannot tell how bad I seem to you, I cannot even see myself with a good woman's eyes; but you, on the other hand, you cannot even guess what an irresistible temptation it has been to me, to compel the man who condemned and despised me, to—like me. At first" (her breathing coming quick and hard) "I resisted it. I was grateful to you. I loved you. But at last when you told me what he said—do you remember?—when you thrust him upon me, I—I forgot everything but my anger, and" (flushing and panting)—"and that in thinking of him so much—being piqued and wounded by him so greatly—I had grown little by little—I can hardly tell you how—I cannot tell myself how—but I had grown to think the one thing, the only thing to be desired in all the world—was his love."

Then at last Dorothy's attention is effectually gained. She lifts her face, and brushing away the ruffled hair from her swollen eyes, bursts out laughing.

"*Love!*" she says, with cruel emphasis. "*You* in love! Tell me anything but that — any excuse you please but *that!*"

At the bitter taunt a crimson flush mounts over the beautiful face above her.

"Perhaps you and I call things by different names," she says meekly and yet proudly as it dies away, leaving her paler than before. "I can understand that that which a good woman calls love, and that which to a woman such as *I*, stands in place of it — are very different things. Is to feel that you would willingly die — if dying you might feel his arms around you? — is to feel that living you would barter all other good things only to know that his eyes, and his hands, and his heart seek yours, before any other's in the world, — is that love?"

In her voice there is a passionate tenderness that would convince any man living of her truth, and make him doubly her slave. But Dorothy is not a man. To her it is but a piece of acting, whose motive she cannot even fathom. She keeps her face resolutely hidden from sight, and makes no answer, good or bad.

Then after a while the other goes on — falling back on her former quietude of tone.

"Perhaps I should have done better to make no explanation of the wrong I have done. Perhaps — I cannot tell — but it may seem to you that the excuse is worse than the thing it excuses. But I could not bear that in the time to come — always — you should think that I had wronged you — without even a motive."

But there is still no answer.

"I am going now," she says after a while — a momentary tremble breaking the composure of her tone. "When I have made reparation — when I have undone the wrong I have done — I will leave your house, and never, if I can help it, see you again."

Still silence.

"Before the day is gone" (her voice rising) "your lover will come back to you. Before an hour is gone," raising her hand and pointing to the clock, "he will hate me as heartily as even you can desire."

Then Dorothy lifts her head and, with eyes blurred with tears and with passion, looks for the last time on the beautiful

face of the woman she has called her friend.

"Come back to me!" she says, with a most bitter smile. "Do you think that if he came back to me on his knees, I could take a lover who had once been *yours?*"

"I think," she answers, in a voice that is very worn and very weary, "that in a little while you will remember what you yourself said just now. If the world would not blame him for thinking for an hour, or a day, that he loved a woman who forced herself on him — neither will you. After all" (with a pitiful smile) "it is *true*. If I had not made him love me, he would have hated me always; despised me always. I think" (looking down on Dorothy, her lips quivering now beyond control, and the tears coursing down her cheeks) "you might almost afford to pity me. I have had but a few hours in which I thought myself nearly happy — you will have a lifetime."

But Dorothy has hidden her face again in her folded arms, and there is little of pity in her resolute silence, or in the back of her small brown head.

After a minute Miss Roche turns away and takes a few faltering steps towards the door. Half-way she stops, comes back a pace or two, and looks wistfully at the little prostrate figure.

"Good-bye," she says, in a low, faltering voice. "Dorothy, will you say good-bye?"

But there is no answer.

Then, after a while, "You were always good and gentle, always kind and generous" — (a sob catching her breath and almost choking the words). "It will not do you any harm, and in all the miserable days and years that lie before me it would make me a little happier if you would say that — you forgive me."

But there is silence — dead silence.

"Dorothy dear" (stretching out her arms with a passionate entreaty), "it must seem to you that I — who have been so wicked and ungrateful — can never have loved you; but I *have* loved you — I have been fond of you. God knows," (sobbing outright) "if there is a God — and I am sometimes so miserable and so wicked that I doubt even that — that I would rather die than do what I am going to do now — for *your* sake, for your sake only. Dear" (bursting into passionate, uncontrolled weeping), "when you know — when you hear what I have done — you will be sorry that you did not say just once — only once — I forgive you!"

But there is not a word, not a sound in the room, but the sound of her own crying.

Her sobs die out slowly into silence.

"Will you not say one word?" she says at last, in a harsh, changed voice. "In a minute it will be too late."

For the space of a few seconds — neither of them can tell how long a time it is — she waits. They can hear the ticking of the clock, the crackling of the logs on the fire, the beating of their own hearts almost, but there is no other sound to break the intense silence.

Then, Dorothy hears slow footsteps moving towards the door, hears it open and shut, and she knows that it *is* too late.

Miss Roche has gone.

Outside the door she stands a moment, not hesitating or faltering, but as one who, having fought a hard fight, may pause a while to gain rest and strength, knowing that the worst yet lies in front.

That which she has already gone through has been hard enough, heaven knows; but at the thought of that which lies before her — that to which she has pledged herself — her heart sickens. A weaker woman would have given way, would even at the eleventh hour have repented of the sacrifice she contemplated, and have retreated; but she, after that one moment's pause, goes resolutely forward.

Wiping, as best she may, the traces of tears from her face, she goes straight through the corridors to the hall, looking about her here and there, as one who has passed through some terrible phase of feeling, some great emotion or long illness, may look on well-known objects, seeing their familiar faces under a new and strange aspect. At the table in the hall, where writing-paper and telegraph forms always lie ready to hand, she stops, and deliberately and carefully fills in one of these forms. Having done it she does not ring for one of the servants, but makes her way through the hall into the conservatory, and there stands watching; and in a very little while finds what she seeks — a young under-gardener, with an honest and ruddy countenance, snipping and tending the plants. To his surprise this beautiful lady, for whose long, sweeping gown he respectfully makes way, stops in front of him.

To her questions, "Can he be spared to take a message?" and "Can he read writing?" he answers to the first "Yes,"

and to the second a shamefaced "No;" and in a minute he finds himself rewarded with a smile and a present of money and despatched to the station two miles off, and with a message that the answer to the telegram is to be sent up immediately on its arrival.

Then she goes — not straight to her destination, but to her own room.

She is not a vain woman by any means — no really beautiful woman ever is — but she would be less or more than a woman if she could go for the last time to the man on whose appreciation and admiration her desperate fancy has placed a higher value than on the spontaneous homage of any other man living, looking less well than she need.

When she comes from her room after a very few minutes, though it cannot be said that all traces of tears have gone from her face — for they have left their mark on her heavy, languid eyelids, and in the exceeding pallor of her cheeks — yet it is certain that they no longer disfigure her. The dull fire of suppressed excitement burning in her large eyes, the intensity of expression on her finely moulded lips, give to her beauty the only charm it ever lacked, and raise it for the moment far above its ordinary level.

Having once made up her mind she is not a woman to tarry or falter by the way. She goes with a firm and resolute step straight to the library, and in a moment — finds herself in Raymond Knollys's presence.

"At last!" he cries, turning to her with outstretched hands, his face lighting up with so passionate a gladness at sight of her that they who know it best in its more familiar aspect of sedate gravity or of cynical but not unpleasant humor, would scarce recognize it in its transfiguration. "Did you understand me at breakfast? Did you know that I was waiting? What an hour it has been! But you have come at last — at last!"

He draws her to him, holding her two hands and devouring her face with eyes that seem hungry for want of her, that seem to feast on her face with an appetite that grows in the looking.

His passion, so long held under control by a strong will, and a yet stronger intellect, has, like all natural forces held by human-made restraints, a far greater power over him now that it has once overleapt its barriers than if it had been left unchecked from the beginning.

"I could not come before," she says, looking at him with something that is

almost like fear in her lovely eyes. "I had — something else to do, but now all the time that is left" (looking at the clock as though she were measuring the minutes) "is yours."

She does not resist him. On the contrary, her hands lie pliant in his, but all the same, perhaps just because of that, he drops them suddenly and stands a few paces off from her.

"I wanted to see you at once," he says quickly, a red flush spreading all over his dark, handsome face, "because I cannot rest an hour, a minute longer — without telling Dorothy. It is shameful enough, God knows, for a man to have to confess himself a villain. All through the night I have not been able to close my eyes. Even my love for you has not been able to give me a minute's happiness for thinking of *her*. But it would be a thousand times more shameful to go on deceiving her. There are men who would tell you," he goes on hotly, arresting her as she would speak, "that that would be the right thing to do — to keep her in the dark — to marry *her* loving you. But I do not hold with them — I have made a horrible mistake, a cruel mistake, but the sin and the shame of it are mine, and I must abide by them."

"And are you sure — quite sure," she says after a moment's silence, in a very low voice, looking straight at him with those strange, mesmeric eyes that have eaten away his heart and his reason, and made him a knave and a fool, both in one, "that you *do* love me?"

"Sure?" he cries, in a voice so strong and clear that it seems almost to carry with it all the little power that is left to her to resist him. "Does a man give up all that he holds most dear in the world for a thing of which he is not *sure*?"

And with that he stretches out his arms and draws her to him, and for a moment — just one moment out of all her suffering, struggling, fair-seeming, yet most miserable life — she tastes of the happiness that might have been hers. She lets herself rest in his arms, his lips on hers.

It is the first kiss he has given her — and she knows it will be the last.

If she had been a good woman, she could not have permitted it; but being not a good woman, but only a bad one, possessed of but one virtue and many vices, she deliberately takes his embrace and the pleasure of it as but a small payment for the life-long sacrifice she contemplates.

And that moment being over, she releases herself from his arms — and moving away a pace or two, bursts out laughing.

He has never heard her laugh much.

To women of her sort laughter comes rarely. It is the small and shallow natures who love lightly, suffer lightly, forget lightly, whose laughter or whose tears come so quickly — the one as easily as the other.

There is something in this laughter that seems to set every nerve in his body jarring — to curdle the blood in his veins.

"Don't you think," she says, looking at him with eyes that seem suddenly to have lost their tenderness in a hard and bitter mockery, "that it is almost time this farce was ended? We have played it very well, I confess. We — we have almost taken each other in, have we not? But we must not carry it too far."

He does not speak or answer her — indeed he cannot. Every drop of blood seems to have left his face — leaving it white as a dead face. His hands instinctively grasp the table, clutching at it for support.

"Do not mistake me," she goes on quite steadily, and still with that terrible smile curving the corners of her mouth.

"I have never misunderstood you. I have known all along that you were only playing at love-making as — as *I* was. We have neither of us got the better of the game — and we have neither of us been willing to give in, and so, we have almost carried it too far. It is time to acknowledge that it is a drawn one."

"Are you mad?" he cries, finding voice at last — but such a harsh, strange voice that she would not know it for his — "or only joking? What are you talking about? Take care!" (coming a step forward). "Do not try me too far!"

Indeed there is that in his face that might make the bravest woman tremble. Even she moves back a little from him. But her eyes never flinch. Their coldness and their steadiness seem to try to master him.

"Do you mean," she says, with a surprise and a triumph that are so well simulated that it is hardly wonderful that he never notices the slight catching of her breath, that, in spite of all her courage, goes near to failing her, "that you were in *earnest*? Well, then" (very slowly), "I *have* got the better of you. I have had my revenge!"

There is a moment's horrible silence — a moment during which the truth, or what

she means him to take for the truth, forces itself to his brain.

"And so," he says presently, in a voice whose very calmness is terrible, and with such a look in his eyes as a woman having once seen could never forget, "it has been all a trick. The eyes and the lips and the words on whose truth I could have staked my soul—*have* staked my soul almost—have been all the while false, false as hell—and" (coming a step nearer) "you are not *afraid* to stand there and tell me so. My God!" (suddenly raising his voice) "do you know that men have *killed* women for less than this?"

He is close to her now, so close that she can feel his breath upon her cheek: looking up can see the fire in his dark eyes, the veins standing out like cords upon his forehead. He has never seemed so strong to her before. He has never been so nearly her master. Her pulses beat to faintness, her cheeks blanch to a deadly pallor, her lips quiver passionately. It is in her heart to give in, to fall on her knees, and, hiding her face out of sight of his anger, to tell him that it was all a lie—only a lie—that she had loved him, she *does* love him now, and always.

But the words never reach her lips, or if they reach them, die there unuttered. The pallor of her face, the tremor of her mouth, he takes for fear, not for love; and any sign of fear being pitiful enough in so strong a woman, of an instant his wrath and his passion die utterly.

So long as she had seemed his equal, standing up and facing him with a courage that surpassed his own, he had not spared her. At the first sign of weakness he lays down his weapons.

"Do not be afraid," he says quite quietly, falling back away from her. "I shall not touch you. I do not think," looking at her with a sort of disgust, "I *could* touch you now."

Then after a pause, lifting his dull eyes to her, he goes on, with a complete change of tone, "I should like before I leave you, if it is only for curiosity's sake, to know how it has seemed to you worth your while to ruin my life. What had I done to you" (with a sudden quick pain piercing through the self-repression of his voice) "that you could not leave me alone?"

"You had despised me," she answers passionately, resentment at his words, at his tone, but most of all at his look, moving her to the possibility of speech, "and you might have known" (with a bitter smile) "that it is never safe to anger a

woman of my sort. Your contempt, your disdain, seemed to take the flavor out of everything. I do not know why I should have greatly cared, but I *did* care. There has never been a time" (her voice rising in excitement with every word) "since I first knew you, that I would not have given everything, anything, to change your opinion. But I would have let you alone" (with a sudden tremor that shows how near she is to breaking down), "I *did* let you alone, as long as you let me alone."

Then after a moment she goes on quickly, "Impossible as it seems to you, I cared for Dorothy. I liked her—she had been kind to me. But when I found that you had not spared me even in her eyes, and that *she* was ready at a word from you to turn her back upon me, ready at your bidding to give me up utterly, it seemed to me that I owed nothing to either of you and—and——"

The words panting and hurrying to her lips die there, frozen by the bitter contempt that she sees growing on the white face opposite to her, overmastering even its misery and anger.

"And—you had your revenge. I understand," he says slowly, planting each word like a stab into her heart. "I congratulate you—it has been an ample one."

There is a moment's silence—a terrible silence—during which his cold, incisive eyes seem to measure her from head to foot with an unbearable contempt.

"And it is for *you* I have lost Dorothy!" he says at last, with a most bitter emphasis. And so saying, turns away, and moves towards the door.

She had anticipated his anger—his violent and bitter reproaches. Over and over again she had gone over in her mind the many stinging, cruel, and vindictive words that lie within the reach of a man—treated as she had treated him—and she had strung herself up to the endurance of them; but no one in all the terrible category that she had pictured to herself, could approach to the cool and measureless contempt of this one quietly-uttered sentence.

Her endurance comes to an end. Even the sacrifice that she has intended as some atonement for all the evil she has done has its limits. His hatred she could bear, his anger, his reproaches—but not his contempt.

"Stay!" she cries, with a most passionate entreaty. "Say anything to me but that—anything!" Reproach me—hate

me—but do not go from me like that. I cannot bear it!" (breaking into tears). "I *will* not bear it!"

Once more he turns. Once more, and for the last time looks on the face that has seemed to him so beautiful, while a great anger leaps into his heavy eyes and chases for a moment the dull misery of his look.

"If I were to curse you," he says, with a bitter passion, "would that do you any harm or me any good? And after all" (the contempt obliterating the anger) "you are only—what you are—what the world and your own nature have made you. It is myself" (with a smile that might break the heart of a woman who loved him) "that I ought to curse for thinking even for a moment that it was worth while to lose my honor for *you*."

And with that he goes—neither pausing nor looking back—straight out of the room, and out of the house.

If he had tarried but a minute on the other side of the door, he would have heard a cry—terrible enough to call a man back from the very gates of death. If he had gone back into the room, he would have seen the woman, whose beauty had seemed to him, but an hour ago, the one thing most to be desired in all the world, lying prone on the ground; not senseless—it is but to few of us that God is so good as to deprive us of our senses in the hour of our misery—but writhing in an agony of shame and love and despair that would lie beyond his comprehension, could he even know of it.

But he does not come back—and he does not, will *never* know of it.

It is not for some hours later that the squire or any of his friends return home. They who have hunted are in boundless spirits, having had a first-rate run; they who have not hunted have been equally well amused by a capital luncheon, and an afternoon of shopping and exploring in the neighboring town.

They are all of them loitering about in the hall discussing and recounting the day's exploits, when a startling piece of news puts all other and minor events out of their heads.

Miss Roche has gone!

Dorothy's maid, handing an open telegram to the squire, is telling him as best she can—for his many interruptions—that her mistress had told her to say that the telegram would explain why Miss Roche had been suddenly summoned to town, and that she—her mistress—was

lying down in her room, her cold being bad, but hoped to join them at tea.

To most of them it is good news. The women, indeed, regard it as a direct interposition of Providence in their favor; and even the men do not show so much regret as they might reasonably be expected to do at the loss of so beautiful a woman. Most of them have suffered in one way or another from the variety of her moods during the last few days. Only the squire frets and fumes and works himself into a tantrum, reading the telegram over at least a dozen times and with a dozen different intonations.

MRS. THEODORE ROCHE to Miss ROCHE,
Park Street, Mayfair. The Manor House,
Brookdene, —shire.

I am very unwell. Come home at once. By next train, if possible.

"Ill indeed!" he says, strutting up and down, and flourishing the paper in his hand. "Who the dickens believes in her illnesses? Precious good thing if she died! But why the deuce can't she do it without her granddaughter to look on? Painted old hag! I wonder what she'll look like in another world!"

He is the only one whose belief in Miss Roche, and whose admiration of her beauty, is left untarnished in all its honest ignorance; and he is the only one who loudly and genuinely laments the inopportune illness of Mrs. Roche. But there is no one to tell him, and perhaps only one or two of the acutest of the party who even guess, that she has fallen thus suddenly ill at the direct and peremptory command of her granddaughter.

When the cuckoo clock in the hall chimes the half-hour after four, and they have all of them dispersed and gone their several ways—the men to examine the legs of their favorite hunters, or smoke a cigar on the terrace, as their taste may lead them; the women to go through that varied and gossiping process classified under the general head of "taking off their things;" a little figure creeps stealthily down the broad oak staircase, casting anxious glances here and there—more like a timorous burglar or a girl going to a stolen interview with her lover, than like the proud little mistress of the house, who has always held her head so high above the touch of shame or dishonor. And, indeed, if the interview to which she is going be not a stolen one, it is at least a secret one, or she wishes it to be.

About a quarter of an hour ago her maid had brought her a little note, written

in so blurred and strange a hand she had scarce recognized it for Raymond's, asking her to come to him in the library. And though by that time her illness was indeed no longer a feigned one, though the pain in her aching brows had well-nigh reached that stage when actual physical torment dulls mental consciousness, she had risen from her bed, and bathing her face and smoothing her hair into some semblance of her ordinary composure has come down to see him.

She has already endured so much in this one day that she would willingly, if she could, have put off the miserable explanation between herself and him; but she knows that they must meet at dinner — must, with all eyes upon them, hear Miss Roche's sudden departure discussed and commented upon, and that it is in truth better to be prepared. For all that she stands a full minute, with her hand on the door, sick with fear and dread.

Then she gathers up her courage, turns the handle, and goes in.

By the dim light of the swinging lamp she sees that Raymond is sitting by the table, his head resting on his folded arms. He rises as she enters and comes to meet her — and they stand for a moment looking into each other's faces.

And as she looks, all the anger that is left in her heart against him — which is in truth not very great — dies utterly.

It is impossible, looking into his dull and haggard eyes, not to see how cruelly he has suffered. It is equally impossible for a woman who loves him as she does, not to feel her heart swell with such tenderness and pity as go near to obliterate her anger.

He leads her to a chair by the fire and places her there. Full of the confession that is trembling on his lips, blinded to all other things by the sense of shame that is overmastering him, he has no eyes to see the strangeness of her manner, or to understand that she already knows as much as he can tell her.

Once he tries to begin — and once or twice he fails; and she — being so sorry for him, so generous by nature, is on the point of speaking, of telling him that she knows, of sparing him the pain and humiliation of confession — when he puts out his hand and arrests her.

"Stay a moment," he says quickly. "Do not speak to me until I have told you what I have to say. When you have heard, you will probably never want to speak to me any more. Dorothy" (turning round and looking at her), "in all the

years that we have known each other, I never thought that I should stand before you *ashamed* to look into your face, ashamed" (flushing hotly) "to tell you what a villain I have been. If you had chosen" (he goes on rapidly, incoherently) "among all the many adventurers who think a woman fair sport, you could scarcely have found one who could more cruelly have betrayed you than the man you have known and trusted all your life, and who" (with a terrible laugh) "has always prated so loudly of honor and honesty. I" (hesitating and faltering) — "I have —"

"Stop!" (putting out her hands as if to ward off a blow) — "I will not hear it. You shall not tell me. I — I *know it*."

"You *know it*?" (his face blanching).

"Last night," she goes on, her lips quivering, "I saw you on the terrace — I — oh! Ray, Ray" (falling into sudden agonized weeping). "How could you do it? How could you break my heart?"

He takes a step forward, and then stands still. He has no longer any right to touch her.

"Dorothy, stop crying," he says hoarsely, his face working with an uncontrollable emotion. "My dear — stop crying! Reproach me — curse me — do anything but *cry*. I have been mad — stark staring mad! Now that I have come back to my senses, it seems to me incredible, impossible, that I should have so much as wounded your little finger for *her* sake."

"Do you mean," says Dorothy, lifting up her face where the tears are still slowly coursing each other down, surprise and unbelief contending in her voice — "that — that — you do not love her?"

"*Love her*," he cries, with bitter passion. "Love a woman who, with all the ways and wiles that lie at her command, tricks a man out of his senses, and then turns round and laughs at him for believing in her, and tells him to his face that she was only making a fool of him!"

"Are you *sure*," says Dorothy, after a moment of incredulous silence, "that it is true? Are you sure that she does not really love you?"

"Love me! Do not you understand that she *hates* me, and that to gratify some poor petty spite on me, she has had her revenge! God knows" (his passion dying — his misery returning) "it has been a complete one. Understand me" (a moment later) "I do not pretend that I have not been almost as bad as she has. I ought to have made such a revenge im-

possible to her. But" (with a bitter laugh) "for the love that remains between us, if looks or words or thoughts could kill, I doubt if either she or I would be alive at this moment."

After that there is silence. He is pacing up and down the room. She is sitting still where he had placed her with her face half hidden by her hands. What more, indeed, is there that can be said between them?

After a while he pauses in his restless walk a little way off from her, and looks very wistfully at the small bent head.

"Dorothy, will you say good-bye?" he says, in a voice that trembles in spite of all his efforts. "I do not ask you to forgive me. I know that you cannot do that yet. I know too that I can no more have part or lot in your life. All the hopes and the pleasant plans that we built up between us, I have destroyed by my own folly. It is hard enough on me—it is doubly hard on you."

But she does not speak—she *cannot*. She is struggling with the tears that are filling and blinding her eyes, welling up and brimming over, and she must not let him see them. Do not her tears vex him?

"I shall go away," he goes on after a while, in a dull, worn voice, "as soon as I can, without letting them think that I have followed *her*. You must explain to the squire, as you think best, why—I it is all over between us."

Then after a little pause, —

"I do not ask you to say anything to me now. I ought to thank you that you have spared me the many bitter things that you might have said to me; but if, in the years to come, when you are happy without me, your heart should so far soften towards me that you can honestly forgive the injury I have done you, will you send me a word to say so?"

The exceeding tenderness and remorse of his tone overcome the small remnant of her self-control, and she bursts into bitter weeping.

For a moment he stands looking at her, his face working.

"If it be any comfort to you to know that I am as wretched as you are," he says, with a voice whose trembling he can no longer conceal—"that the poor, paltry passion for which I have betrayed you, being dead, I am amazed at its momentary existence—that I have loved you always—shall love you —" But there he breaks down. "I cannot stand it," he says huskily, and turns away.

"Stay!" cries Dorothy, starting up and stretching out her arms to him with a great cry—a cry of such exceeding tenderness and love and sorrow that it goes to his very heart. "Do not you see—do not you understand," sobbing so that she can scarce speak, "that I do forgive you, that I have forgiven you—all along—almost. If, indeed, it is true that you *do* love me—not *her*—then, do not go—but *stay*." And in a moment—before yet the words are spoken—she is in his arms, weeping her very heart out on his breast.

"My dear," he says, as soon as he can speak, "you are more generous than any living woman—and yet if I take you at your word you would doubt me always—be miserable always."

But she, lifting her face for a moment, interrupts him.

"I can never be quite so happy as I was before—that is true," she says sadly and solemnly. "It will always be more easy for me to doubt. But—since God has given you back to me—I can never be quite miserable. Never" (breaking into fresh tears) "half so miserable as I should be without you."

And so there is peace between them again. And though always in the background of their happiness there must lie one sore spot—on which neither will dare, for many years to come, to lay but a timid and shrinking touch—yet never, in all the days of their unbroken, untroubled affection has Dorothy crept nearer to her lover's heart than she has at this moment.

Three mornings later—on the very morning when Dorothy's party is to break up, each to go their different ways—Mrs. Drysdale scanning the advertisement sheet of the *Times* while yet they are most of them dawdling or gossiping over the breakfast table, lays it suddenly down and looks about from one to another with a face bristling with delighted malice and all uncategorized uncharitableness. Any other woman would, guessing a certain sensitiveness in her friends, have kept her news until a more private occasion.

She would rather have sacrificed her best gown than be balked of the opportunity of delivering it in public.

"Listen!" she says, in a voice that commands general attention. "'On the — inst. at the British Embassy, Paris, Theodora, only daughter of the late Captain Theodore Roche, to Reginald, Viscount Aveling.'"

And having read it, she looks around

her on the open mouths, the pale and dismayed countenances of the assembled company.

"Good Lord!" says the squire, finding his voice—which indeed seldom fails him—first of all. "Is it a hoax? Is it—it cannot be possible that she—Good heavens! Dorothy, do you mean to tell me that *your* friend—the woman you asked *here*—has married that man—that—It is not true! I do not believe it. Give me the paper."

There is no one who has courage to remind him that it was *he* who had insisted, in defiance of the general opinion of the county, in asking Lord Aveling to his house—that it is *he* who has always been Miss Roche's most zealous and affectionate partisan. Indeed, when he has convinced himself, by seeing it in black and white, that the marriage is in all probability an accomplished fact, the epithets which he bestows on them both are so unsparing that there is no one who is brave enough to stem them.

Among the storm of comments which, after the first hush of surprise, descend with unflattering outspokenness on Miss Roche's absent head, Dorothy, pale and trembling, rises from her seat, and leaves the room.

"I knew that he wanted to marry her," she says, in a shaking voice, "but I never thought she would do it. I did not believe it—I did not know of it. That is all I can tell you."

"For my own part," says Mrs. Drysdale, who belongs to a certain not unfashionable set who call a spade a spade, and do not hesitate to say the things other people content themselves with thinking, "if she were my friend, I should think it was a comfort they had thought it necessary to be married at all. Lord Aveling's last wife divorced him, did she not? *This time—*"

"It will be even running between them," says Charlie Drysdale aside, completing the sentence at which even his wife hesitates.

But among those who have loved her and those who have admired her, there is only one—the woman whom she has most wronged—who in her heart does her justice.

And to her there comes sometimes, into the midst of her own happiness, the remembrance of a beseeching voice, saying,—

"Some day—not now—but in the years to come, you will say to yourself, 'She was bad enough, but she did her

best to make atonement.' You will be sorry that you did not say just once—only once—'I forgive you.'"

For after all, she *was* sorry.

From The Fortnightly Review.

THE MORALITY OF THE PROFESSION OF LETTERS.

THE profession of letters has been lately debated in the public prints; and it has been debated, to put the matter mildly, from a point of view that was calculated to surprise high-minded men, and bring a general contempt on books and reading. Some time ago, in particular, a lively, pleasant, popular writer devoted an essay, lively and pleasant like himself, to a very encouraging view of the profession. We may be glad that his experience is so cheering, and we may hope that all others, who deserve it, shall be as handsomely rewarded; but I do not think we need be at all glad to have this question, so important to the public and ourselves, debated solely on the ground of money. The salary in any business under heaven is not the only, nor indeed the first, question. That you should continue to exist is a matter for your own consideration; but that your business should be first honest, and second useful, are points in which honor and morality are concerned. If the writer to whom I refer succeeds in persuading a number of young persons to adopt this way of life with an eye set singly on the livelihood, we must expect them in their works to follow profit only, and we must expect in consequence, if he will pardon me the epithets, a slovenly, base, untrue, and empty literature. Of that writer himself I am not speaking; he is diligent, clean, and pleasing; we all owe him periods of entertainment, and he has achieved an amiable popularity which he has adequately deserved. But the truth is, he does not, or did not when he first embraced it, regard his profession from this purely mercenary side. He went into it, I shall venture to say, if not with any noble design, at least in the ardor of a first love; and he enjoyed its practice long before he paused to calculate the wage. The other day an author was complimented on a piece of work, good in itself and exceptionally good for him, and replied in terms unworthy of a commercial traveller, that, as the book was not briskly selling, he did not give a copper

farthing for its merit. It must not be supposed that the person to whom this answer was addressed received it as a profession of faith; he knew, on the other hand, that it was only a whiff of irritation; just as we know, when a respectable writer talks of literature as a way of life, like shoemaking, but not so useful, that he is only debating one aspect of a question, and is still clearly conscious of a dozen others more important in themselves and more central to the matter in hand. But while those who treat literature in this penny-wise and virtue-foolish spirit are themselves truly in possession of a better light, it does not follow that the treatment is decent or improving, whether for themselves or others. To treat all subjects in the highest, the most honorable, and the pluckiest spirit, consistent with the fact, is the first duty of a writer. If he be well paid, as I am glad to hear he is, this duty becomes the more urgent, the neglect of it the more disgraceful. And perhaps there is no subject on which a man should speak so gravely as that industry, whatever it may be, which is the occupation or delight of his life; which is his tool to earn or serve with; and which, if it be unworthy, stamps himself as a mere incubus of dumb and greedy bowels on the shoulders of laboring humanity. On that subject alone even to force the note might lean to virtue's side. It is to be hoped that a numerous and enterprising generation of writers will follow and surpass the present one; but it would be better if the stream were stayed, and the roll of our old, honest English books were closed, than that esurient bookmakers should continue and debase a brave tradition and lower, in their own eyes, a famous race. Better that our serene temples were deserted than filled with trafficking and juggling priests.

There are two just reasons for the choice of any way of life: the first is inbred taste in the chooser; the second some high utility in the industry selected. Literature, like any other art, is singularly interesting to the artist; and in a degree peculiar to itself among the arts, it is useful to mankind. These are the sufficient justifications for any young man or woman who adopts it as the business of his life. I shall not say much about the wages. A writer can live by his writing. If not so luxuriously as by other trades, then less luxuriously. The nature of the work he does all day will more affect his happiness than the quality of his dinner

at night. Whatever be your calling, and however much it brings you in the year, you could still, you know, get more by cheating. We all suffer ourselves to be too much concerned about a little poverty; but such considerations should not move us in the choice of that which is to be the business and justification of so great a portion of our lives; and like the missionary, the patriot, or the philosopher, we should all choose that poor and brave career in which we can do the most and best for mankind. Now nature, faithfully followed, proves herself a careful mother. A lad, for some liking to the jingle of words, betakes himself to letters for his life; by-and-by, when he learns more gravity, he finds that he has chosen better than he knew; that if he earns little, he is earning it amply; that if he receives a small wage, he is in a position to do considerable services; that it is in his power, in some small measure, to protect the oppressed and to defend the truth. So kindly is the world arranged, such great profit may arise from a small degree of human reliance on oneself, and such, in particular, is the happy star of this trade of writing, that it should combine pleasure and profit to both parties, and be at once agreeable, like fiddling, and useful, like good preaching.

This is to speak of literature at its highest; and with the four great elders who are still spared to our respect and admiration, with Carlyle, Ruskin, Browning, and Tennyson before us, it would be cowardly to consider it at first in any lesser aspect.* But while we cannot follow these athletes, while we may none of us, perhaps, be very vigorous, very original, or very wise, I still contend that, in the humblest sort of literary work, we have it in our power either to do great harm or great good. We may seek merely to please; we may seek, having no higher gift, merely to gratify the idle nine-days' curiosity of our contemporaries; or we may essay, however feebly, to instruct. In each of these we shall have to deal with that remarkable art of words which, because it is the dialect of life, comes home so easily and powerfully to the minds of men; and since that is so, we contribute, in each of these branches, to build up the sum of sentiments and appreciations which goes by the name of public opinion or public feeling. The total of a nation's reading, in these days

* Since this article was written, only three of these remain. But the other, being dead, yet speaketh.

of daily papers, greatly modifies the total of the nation's speech; and the speech and reading, taken together, form the efficient educational medium of youth. A good man or woman may keep a youth some little while in clearer air; but the contemporary atmosphere is all-powerful in the end on the average of mediocre characters. The copious Corinthian baseness of the American reporter or the Parisian *chroniqueur*, both so lightly readable, must exercise an incalculable influence for ill; they touch upon all subjects, and on all with the same ungenerous hand; they begin the consideration of all, in young and unprepared minds, in an unworthy spirit; on all, they supply some pungency for dull people to quote. The mere body of this ugly matter overwhelms the rarer utterances of good men; the sneering, the selfish, and the cowardly are scattered in broad sheets on every table, while the antidote, in small volumes, lies unread upon the shelf. I have spoken of the American and the French, not because they are so much baser, but so much more readable, than the English; their evil is done more effectively, in America for the masses, in French for the few that care to read; but with us as with them, the duties of literature are daily neglected, truth daily perverted and suppressed, and grave subjects daily degraded in the treatment. The journalist is not reckoned an important officer; yet judge of the good he might do, the harm he does; judge of it by one instance only: that when we find two journals on the reverse sides of politics, each, on the same day, openly garbling a piece of news for the interest of its own party, we smile at the discovery (no discovery now!) as over a good joke and pardonable stratagem. Lying so open is scarce lying, it is true; but one of the things that we profess to teach our young is a respect for truth; and I cannot think this piece of education will be crowned with any great success, so long as some of us practise and the rest openly approve of public falsehood.

There are two duties incumbent upon any man who enters on the business of writing: truth to the fact and a good spirit in the treatment. In every department of literature, though so low as hardly to deserve the name, truth to the fact is of importance to the education and comfort of mankind, and so hard to preserve, that the faithful trying to do so will lend some dignity to the man who tries it. Our judgments are based upon two

things: first, upon the original preferences of our soul; but, second, upon the mass of testimony to the nature of God, man, and the universe which reaches us, in divers manners, from without. For the most part these divers manners are reducible to one, all that we learn of past times and much that we learn of our own reaching us through the medium of books or papers, and even he who cannot read learning from the same source at second hand and by the report of him who can. Thus the sum of the contemporary knowledge or ignorance of good and evil is, in large measure, the handiwork of those who write. Those who write have to see that each man's knowledge is, as near as they can make it, answerable to the facts of life; that he shall not suppose himself an angel or a monster; nor take this world for a hell; nor be suffered to imagine that all rights are concentrated in his own caste or country, or all veracities in his own parochial creed. Each man should learn what is within him, that he may strive to mend; he must be taught what is without him, that he may be kind to others. It can never be wrong to tell him the truth; for, in his disputable state, weaving as he goes his theory of life, steering himself, cheering or reproving others, all facts are of the first importance to his conduct; and even if a fact shall discourage or corrupt him, it is still best that he should know it; for it is in this world as it is, and not in a world made easy by educational suppressions, that he must win his way to shame or glory. In one word, it must always be foul to tell what is false; and it can never be safe to suppress what is true. The very fact that you omit may be what somebody was wanting, for one man's meat is another man's poison, and I have known a person who was cheered by the perusal of "Candida." Every fact is a part of that great puzzle we must set together; and none that comes directly in a writer's path but has some nice relations, unperceivable by him, to the totality and bearing of the subject under hand. Yet there are certain classes of fact eternally more necessary than others, and it is with these that literature must first bestir itself. They are not hard to distinguish, nature once more easily leading us; for the necessary, because the efficacious, facts are those which are most interesting to the natural mind of man. Those which are colored, picturesque, human, and rooted in morality, and those, on the other hand, which are clear, indisputable, and a part of sci-

ence, are alone vital in importance, seizing by their interest, or useful to communicate. So far as the writer merely narrates, he should principally tell of these. He should tell of the kind and wholesome and beautiful elements of our life; he should tell unsparingly of the evil and sorrow of the present, to move us with instances; he should tell of wise and good people in the past, to excite us by example; and of these he should tell soberly and truthfully, not glossing faults, that we may neither grow discouraged with ourselves nor exacting to our neighbors. So the body of contemporary literature, ephemeral and feeble in itself, touches in the minds of men the springs of thought and kindness, and supports them (for those who will go at all are easily supported) on their way to what is true and right. And if, in any degree, it does so now, how much more might it do so if the writers chose! There is not a life in all the records of the past but, properly studied, might lend a hint and a help to some contemporary. There is not a juncture in to-day's affairs but some useful word may yet be said of it. Even the reporter has an office, and, with clear eyes and honest language, may unveil injustices and point the way to progress. And for a last word: in all narration there is only one way to be clever, and that is to be exact. To be vivid is a secondary quality which must presuppose the first; for vividly to convey a wrong impression is only to make failure conspicuous.

But a fact may be viewed on many sides; it may be chronicled with rage, tears, laughter, indifference, or admiration, and by each of these the story will be transformed to something else. The newspapers that told of the return of our representatives from Berlin, even if they had not differed as to the facts, would have sufficiently differed by their spirit; so that the one description would have been a second ovation, and the other a prolonged insult. The subject makes but a trifling part of any piece of literature, and the view of the writer is itself a fact more important because less disputable than the others. Now this spirit in which a subject is regarded, important in all kinds of literary work, becomes all-important in works of fiction, meditation, or rhapsody; for there it not only colors but itself chooses the facts; not only modifies but shapes the work. And hence, over the far larger proportion of the field of literature, the health or disease of the writer's mind or momentary humor forms not only

the leading feature of his work, but is, at bottom, the only thing he can communicate to others. In all works of art, widely speaking, it is first of all the author's attitude that is narrated, though in the attitude there be implied a whole experience and a theory of life. An author who has begged the question and reposes in some narrow faith, cannot, if he would, express the whole or even many of the sides of this various existence; for his own life being maim, some of them are not admitted in his theory, and were only dimly and unwillingly recognized in his experience. Hence the smallness, the triteness, and the inhumanity in works of merely sectarian religion; and hence we find equal although unsimilar limitations in works inspired by the spirit of the flesh or the despicable taste for high society. So that the first duty of any man who is to write is intellectual. Designedly or not, he has so far set himself up for a leader of the minds of men; and he must see that his own mind is kept supple, charitable, and bright. Everything but prejudice should find a voice through him; he should see the good in all things; where he has even a fear that he does not wholly understand, there he should be wholly silent; and he should recognize from the first that he has only one tool in his workshop, and that tool is sympathy.*

The second duty, far harder to define, is moral. There are a thousand different humors in the mind, and about each of them, when it is uppermost, some literature tends to be deposited. Is this to be allowed? not certainly in every case, and yet perhaps in more than rigorists would fancy. It were to be desired that all literary work, and chiefly works of art, issued from sound, human, healthy, and potent impulses, whether grave or laughing, humorous, romantic, or religious. Yet it cannot be denied that some valuable books are partially insane; some, mostly religious, partially inhuman; and very many tainted with morbidity and impotence. We do not loathe a masterpiece although we gird against its blemishes. We are not, above all, to look for faults but merits. There is no book perfect, even in design; but there are many that will delight, improve, or encourage the reader. On the one hand, the Hebrew Psalms are

* A footnote, at least, is due to the admirable example set before all young writers in the width of literary sympathy displayed by Mr. Swinburne. He runs forth to welcome merit, whether in Dickens or Trollope, whether in Villon, Milton, or Pope. This is, in criticism, the attitude we should all seek to preserve, not only in that, but in every branch of literary work.

the only religious poetry on earth; yet they contain sallies that savor rankly of the man of blood. On the other hand, Alfred de Musset had a poisoned and a contorted nature; I am only quoting that generous and frivolous giant, old Dumas, when I accuse him of a bad heart; yet, when the impulse under which he wrote was purely creative, he could give us works like "Carmosine" or "Fantasio," in which the lost note of the romantic comedy seems to have been found again to touch and please us. When Flaubert wrote "Madame Bovary," I believe he thought chiefly of a somewhat morbid realism; and behold! the book turned in his hands into a masterpiece of appalling morality. But the truth is, when books are conceived under a great stress, with a soul of ninefold power nine times heated and electrified by effort, the conditions of our being are seized with such an ample grasp, that, even should the main design be trivial or base, some truth and beauty cannot fail to be expressed. Out of the strong comes forth sweetness; but an ill thing poorly done is an ill thing top and bottom. And so this can be no encouragement to knock-knee'd, feeble-wristed scribes, who must take their business conscientiously or be ashamed to practise it.

Man is imperfect; yet, in his literature, he must express himself and his own views and preferences; for to do anything else, is to do a far more perilous thing than to risk being immoral: it is to be sure of being untrue. To ape a sentiment, even a good one, is to travesty a sentiment; that will not be helpful. To conceal a sentiment, if you are sure you hold it, is to take a liberty with truth. There is probably no point of view possible to a sane man but contains some truth and, in the true connection, might be profitable to the race. I am not afraid of the truth, if any one could tell it me, but I am afraid of parts of it impertinently uttered. There is a time to dance and a time to mourn; to be harsh as well as to be sentimental; to be ascetic as well as to glorify the appetites; and if a man were to combine all these extremes into his work, each in its place and proportion, that work would be the world's masterpiece of morality as well as of art. Partiality is immorality; for any book is wrong that gives a misleading picture of the world and life. The trouble is that the weakling must be partial; the work of one proving dank and depressing; of another, cheap and vulgar; of a third, epileptically

sensual; of a fourth, sourly ascetic. In literature as in conduct, you can never hope to do exactly right. All you can do is to make as sure as possible; and for that there is but one rule. Nothing should be done in a hurry that can be done slowly. It is no use to write a book and put it by for nine or even ninety years; for in the writing you will have partly convinced yourself; the delay must precede any beginning; and if you meditate a work of art, you should first long roll the subject under the tongue to make sure you like the flavor, before you brew a volume that shall taste of it from end to end; or if you propose to enter on the field of controversy, you should first have thought upon the question under all conditions, in health as well as in sickness, in sorrow as well as in joy. It is this nearness of examination necessary for any true and kind writing, that makes the practice of the art a prolonged and noble education for the writer.

There is plenty to do, plenty to say, or to say over again, in the mean time. Any literary work which conveys faithful facts or pleasing impressions is a service to the public. It is even a service to be thankfully proud of having rendered. The slightest novels are a blessing to those in distress, not chloroform itself a greater. Our fine old sea-captain's life was justified when Carlyle soothed his mind with "The King's Own" or "Newton Foster." To please is to serve; and so far from its being difficult to instruct while you amuse, it is difficult to do the one thoroughly without the other. Some part of the writer or his life will crop out in even a vapid book; and to read a novel that was conceived with any force, is to multiply experience and to exercise the sympathies. Every article, every piece of verse, every essay, every *entre filet*, is destined to pass, however swiftly, through the minds of some portion of the public, and to color, however transiently, their thoughts. When any subject falls to be discussed, some scribbler on a paper has the invaluable opportunity of beginning its discussion in a dignified and human spirit; and if there were enough who did so in our public press, neither the public nor the Parliament would find it in their minds to drop to meaner thoughts. The writer has the chance to stumble, by the way, on something pleasing, something interesting, something encouraging, were it only to a single reader. He will be unfortunate, indeed, if he suit no one. He has the chance, besides, to stumble

on something that a dull person shall be able to comprehend; and for a dull person to have read anything and, for that once, comprehended it, makes a marking epoch in his education.

"Here then is work worth doing and worth trying to do well. And so, if I were minded to welcome any great accession to our trade, it should not be from any reason of a higher wage, but because it was a trade which was useful in a very great and in a very high degree; which every honest tradesman could make more serviceable to mankind in his single strength; which was difficult to do well and possible to do better every year; which called for scrupulous thought on the part of all who practised it, and hence became a perpetual education to their nobler natures; and which, pay it as you please, in the large majority of the best cases will still be underpaid. For surely, at this time of day in the nineteenth century, there is nothing that an honest man should fear more timorously than getting and spending more than he deserves.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

From Temple Bar.

THE FRERES.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER, AUTHOR OF "THE WOOING O'T."

CHAPTER XIII.

IN the matter of mental values there is no standard. Each has his own weights and measures, by which, had he the choice, his neighbor would no doubt decline to be tried.

Thus Grace Frere, unmoved herself by the feelings which agitated Darnell, preoccupied and heedless, forgot that he considered himself on trial, and imagined that little occasional displays of indifference (*when* she remembered to show them) would suffice to warn him of her intentions.

The days slipped past, not too agreeably. As the small supply of ready cash sank lower and lower, Mrs. Frere's cheerfulness kept at a corresponding level; while Randal's first sunny view of mercantile pursuits was frequently clouded over by the "crotchets" of that fellow Brown, the "manager," about his writing. It took Grace and Jimmy Byrne infinite trouble, and an enormous exercise of tact, to induce him to practise his penmanship,

in order to acquire something like legibility and a clerky hand.

Meanwhile, Mab's education troubled Grace terribly. She felt that the child was running to seed for want of a little culture, which, so far as she could, she was most anxious to impart. To get Mab to "say lessons" was indeed an herculean labor: first to make her sit down, then to induce her to learn "Grace's way" — which was never her own — to make a subject clear to a mind determined not to receive it, was a sore trial of patience; but it became unbearable when to this was added the visible nervous annoyance of the mother — visible though unexpressed — and gradually accumulating during the lesson, till utterance could no longer be restrained.

"Don't you think, dear Grace, that will do for to-day? Mabel seems to me a little feverish, and I fear you have not quite the knack of fixing attention." Mab's education was, perhaps, the only point on which Mrs. Frere doubted her eldest daughter's infallibility.

When at last Mrs. Frere "spake with her tongue," poor Grace would give up in despair; and often, it must be admitted, threw the books, maps, and slate together with more violence and impatience than is becoming in a heroine: but human nature is very imperfect, and Mab could be maddening. Yet she was a curious mixture. One day — a warm, oppressive June day — when Grace had striven to be more than unusually patient and explanatory, while Mab had brought up a huge reserve-force of wilfulness and impenetrability to resist the attack, Grace's self-control had suddenly broken down under the pressure of great provocation, and she had administered sundry sharp slaps on the little contemptuous shoulders so expressively uplifted — chastisement no sooner administered than heartily repented of. "She is such a little thing, and so backward, I ought not to have touched her; for I know it only makes her worse," thought Grace, hastily putting away the books and copies, which were strewn on the table. Then she stole up-stairs to her own little room, and sitting by the dressing-table, indulged in a rare fit of crying.

She had had more than one trial that morning. Randal had reproached her before he started for forcing him into that "cursed treadmill" of an office, which produced nothing, and would probably lead to nothing, but the cost of omnibuses to and fro.

"Why don't you urge Darnell to get me something better? He would do it, you know, only for your confounded pride!"

Some words had fallen from Mrs. Frere which startled her daughter into the knowledge that she in some vague way counted on her (Grace's) marriage to restore the family fortunes; and with the knowledge came the fear that she had, through a sort of indolent thoughtlessness, been deceiving every one; that she must rouse herself, and act honestly and boldly. As she pondered these things her thoughts were sad enough; but Max had no share in them. Her warm, deep, family affection was a spring of wholesome strength. Chiefly she wished she could marry Darnell; and then she tried to think what real benefit this marriage would bring to her dear ones.

She could not see that it would do much. How could her mother and Mab live on a stranger's bounty? and how could they live at *all* without her? Then all her novel-reading tended to prove that such marriages seldom turned out as they promised. Nor would it be fair to Mr. Darnell. And at eighteen, how could she condemn herself to an uncongenial life away from the beloved, helpless mother, and Mab? — dear, provoking, incorrigible Mab, whom from the bottom of her heart she loved — slaps notwithstanding.

Her tears were falling fast over a picture conjured up by her imagination of mother and Mab alone, with no one to cheer the former and suggest pleasant thoughts to her, or even save her from the attacks of the latter, whose troublesome moods were not to be averted, when the door was pushed open, and a small figure, with very much disordered hair, stole into the room, and crept up to where her sister sat.

"Gracie dear! Why are you crying, Gracie?"

The next instant she was on her sister's knee, and clasped in her arms, while her own hot, grubby little hands were reaching round her neck.

"I am tired, dear, and — and — I am sorry I slapped you, darling; but, oh, Mab, you *are* provoking!"

"Yes, I know; but, Gracie dear, I cannot help it, though I love you. You don't think I do, but I do." A storm of kisses. "Why do you try and teach me, Grace? It is not one bit of use. I can't learn. What is the good of it? It only makes me ever so hot and uncomfortable, and you *so* cross! Perhaps I may like les-

sons when I am older, but I can tell you, I shall not learn them till I do."

"But, Mab, you would not wish to be like a street child that has no one to teach it anything?"

"I shouldn't mind," returned Mab, with much candor.

"I assure you, you will be ashamed *one* day, Mab."

"It is a long way off," said Mab philosophically. "You would be such a nice dear Gracie, if you didn't bother about lessons. Perhaps when it is cooler I might learn a little; but I tell you what" — with an air of making a great concession — "I will listen if you like to read to me, for Miss Timbs has given me a piece of flannel to make a petticoat for my big doll, and you can help now and then."

"Why not draw, dearest, instead? You like drawing?"

"Yes; but my doll wants a flannel petticoat, and — oh, I forgot! I was to tell you that Mr. Darnell is down-stairs."

"Well, I cannot see him, Mab; I have a dreadful headache. Say" — and she rose, putting Mab aside, and throwing herself on her bed, — "say I am lying down, and cannot speak to any one."

Mab nodded, and was trotting off, when Grace called her back.

"And you *do* love me, Mab?"

"Yes, I *do*!" A long, sweet, loving kiss.

Grace lay still, consoled with the delightful consciousness of complete reconciliation, and resolved to enjoy the rest she needed.

Consequently, Darnell was fain to content himself with a somewhat jerky conversation with Mrs. Frere, and felt very much put out and irritated by Grace's obstinate refusal to appear. He had grown so accustomed to find her always kindly, good-humored, easy, that he began to look upon her as his own property — virtually, though tacitly, engaged to him. It was impossible, after a fortnight of constant friendly intercourse, that she did not intend to marry him. He had even accepted some chaff from a friend or two, who had noticed his devoted attentions at the ball, with a self-satisfied conscious smirk.

He tried to convey to Mrs. Frere that he felt somewhat injured, and succeeded in making her very uncomfortable; then he started off to pour his troubles into Lady Elton's sympathetic ear, for he had taken her into his confidence at an early stage of the affair, and justly considered her his strongest *point d'appui*.

Lady Elton was sincerely anxious to bring about a marriage which she considered so advantageous for Grace. Her ladyship's view of that sacred connection was not exalted.

"We make a terrible mistake," she was wont to say to those with whom she dared to air her opinions, "in striving to mix up love and marriage. The French are really much more sensible. If people would but recognize that love — real love — is a state of exaltation, like the inspiration of a grand poem, which *must* burn itself out, and which lasts only in proportion to the degree of friendship it is capable of evolving! Very few need this, or can give it; and most have home affections — a sense of duty, of interest, of self-respect. These, and the absence of temptation, make by far the larger proportion of family-life pure; but in France there are compensating friendships, and sympathetic affinities, which we dare not permit in England: our animalism is too strong. We have no notion of love that can be satisfied with a milk diet, of mutual comprehension, of mutual interest, and occasional meetings, of friendship dashed with the salt of imaginative tenderness — a delicate happiness of which the commonplace necessities of every-day married life are utterly destructive."

To which exposition, or something like it, wherewith, in one of their many conversations, Lady Elton favored Grace, that young lady replied rather bluntly, —

"I cannot believe the generality of people are so worthless that a little trouble and worry about common things will wear out their affections. I am sure we have had all sorts of trouble since dear grandpapa died, and I believe we are twice as fond of each other."

"You! yes; but that is not being in love! Child, unless they are exceptional characters, men almost always behave worst and most falsely to the woman they love — yes, really love!"

"What is the use of living if one believes such things?" cried Grace passionately.

"I am a wretch to talk this treason to you!" said Lady Elton tenderly. "And very silly, too, for I only make you uncomfortable, and do not convince you one bit."

With these opinions deeply and bitterly impressed upon her warm, impassioned, but strongly suppressed nature, Lady Elton was an ardent advocate of Darnell; and it was to her that he now confided his griefs.

He found her carriage at the door, and herself prepared for a round of visits. After excusing himself for his intrusion, and being encouraged to proceed, he broke out with, —

"Don't you think it deuced strange that Miss Frere would not see me?"

"Was she at home?"

"Of course she was. She had a headache, they said, and was lying down."

"Well, I think that is quite explanation enough. You could not expect her to come down and receive you when she was suffering?"

"Oh, she wasn't so bad! She had been teaching that imp of a sister of hers — such a sharp little beggar as it is; she makes me die of laughing sometimes — and it looked as if she wanted to shirk seeing me. I think, considering the terms we are on, she might have seen *me*. I would get out of my coffin if she asked for me."

"You are a *preux chevalier*, Mr. Darnell," said Lady Elton, with a flattering smile; "but a young lady's view of things is rather different. You know I never misled you with any idea of her being in love with you — she is so young and inexperienced, she does not know what love is; but I quite believe she is to be *won*. And it is not given to every man to have the first of his wife's heart. But you really must have a little more patience; do not startle the game. Let her glide into liking you —"

"She is a long time about it!" growled Darnell.

"Long, my dear Mr. Darnell! Why, it is only a fortnight since the ball. Come, now, be guided by me."

"Yes; but it is rather hard to be hanging on like this, not knowing how matters are going. I say, Lady Elton, I am so uncertain and miserable, I declare to heaven I will go straight out to-morrow and ask her to make up her mind — if she will take me or leave me!"

"Do not!" cried Lady Elton. "There are half-a-dozen good reasons why it would be better to wait. It is so difficult even to see her alone in that miserable lodging of theirs. She shall come here next Saturday and stay till Monday. Come in on Sunday morning, and settle everything with her."

"Settle everything!" repeated Darnell, turning red and radiant. "Do you think there is a good chance for me then?"

"I believe," said Lady Elton oracularly, "Grace Frere likes you better than she thinks."

She rose as she spoke, which movement Darnell accepted as a dismissal.

"Ah, Lady Elton!" he exclaimed, "you understand every one and everything; and I am sure I can never forget your kindness and sympathy. I feel as if I shall owe all the happiness of my life to you!"

He shook hands warmly and departed.

"I hope he *may* owe me his happiness," thought Lady Elton, looking after him. "I must speak seriously to Grace; it is too bad to keep the poor fellow on the stretch, in a state of uncertainty on a question of such vital importance to him. What an odd mixture of romance and common sense, strength and weakness, that girl is! She is open as daylight in most matters; but she can also be silent — and her silence respecting Max Frere is a little suspicious. Now Max Frere's self is a very Moloch — a devouring demon! The more a wife loved him, the more miserable he would make her. No *good* woman would ever influence him!"

Her visits over, Lady Elton drove to Camden Hill, and found the party sitting down to tea: Grace considerably better, and busily employed cutting brown bread and butter; Randal, somewhat gloomy, sitting apart and reading one of the weekly papers, chiefly remarkable for its bitter libels clothed in the language of philosophic impartiality.

All brightened at the appearance of their "guide, philosopher, and friend," who sat down with them, and exerted her power of amusing and cheering with no small effect. She mentioned Darnell's visit and report of Grace's headache, but in a pleasant, piquant fashion (she had some days since taken Mrs. Frere into her confidence, and found a hearty ally in that lady). She drew Randal into conversation, and her appreciative remarks and replies chased the gloom from his brow; and she ended by making Grace promise to dine and sleep at her house on the next day but one, which would be Saturday.

"I wonder if there is any one else in the world who would take all this trouble for people without a claim, without a blood-tie?" began Grace, warmly embracing Lady Elton as she accompanied her to the door.

"I am sure I cannot tell," interrupted the latter, smiling, "nor can I account for the attraction you have exercised over me. You provoking puss! to help you in any way is a pleasure to me. If you wish to show me gratitude, accept my guidance."

"I am sure I do, dear Lady Elton!"

"I hope and expect you *will*, but I am not *sure*."

A hearty kiss, and she was gone.

The ensuing Saturday Lady Elton's reception was particularly successful. The literary and artistic world was well represented; the fashionables were not so numerous. There was a good deal of music, music of no mean order; and Grace was charmed to listen to some very brilliant conversation, which gave a fresh impetus to the current of her ideas.

The faithful Darnell, of course, came early, and Grace received him so kindly, and expressed her regret at not having been able to see him when he last called, with such friendly frankness, that the worthy young citizen was immensely comforted and encouraged.

"I think it is all right," he whispered to Lady Elton, as the guests were departing. "What a brick of a girl she is! I'll just tell her I will look in to-morrow, before I go."

"No, Mr. Darnell! take my advice, say nothing about it. Come in by all means, but take her by surprise. You will then see her real feelings."

Darnell, reduced to silence by the glowing anticipations thus suggested, squeezed the speaker's hand and, after a confused good-night to Grace, departed.

It was a splendid night. The day had been at once blazing and sultry — a foretaste of July, now close at hand; but at nightfall came a sudden heavy shower, and then a faint breeze had sprung up. It came in at the window of the study, bringing with it the perfume of the mignonne and heliotrope with which the balcony was filled.

"Take away the lights, Luigi," said Lady Elton, sinking back in a low easy-chair, when the company were all gone. "It is only twelve, Grace! Let us sit and talk a while in this lovely light; the air, too, is delicious."

"Yes! it would be a sin to go to bed without enjoying it."

There was a pause. Grace had drawn a small ottoman to the window, and placed herself where the moonlight fell upon her graceful throat and head. Lady Elton's eyes rested on her with kindly admiration.

"What a strange notion it seems," began Grace meditatively — "I mean what that gentleman with the long grey beard said to-night, that all society, and institutions, and laws, and everything, originated in the mutual attraction of male and

female for each other; do you believe it?"

"Yes, with considerable reservations."

"Who is he, Lady Elton? He seems to have studied and to understand everything."

"He is a Professor Vanhooten, an American; a very clever fellow certainly, with remarkable faith in himself, if in nothing else."

"What heaps of things there are that I never dreamt of, to know and to learn!"

"I wish to heaven, child, you would learn to know your own mind!" said Lady Elton, with sudden animation.

Grace looked at her in great surprise.

"Do you not see," resumed her friend, "that you are treating Mr. Darnell abominably?"

"No, I do not!" returned Grace stoutly.

"Why, child! you let him haunt you, spend his days with you, load you with favors, consider himself sure of you; and yet I believe you have not decided to accept him. But if you do not, you will behave very ill."

"You surely exaggerate things, Lady Elton," said Grace, dismayed and turning pale. "I told him we should be glad to see him if he liked to come, but that I did not think it would be any use."

"Well, of course letting him come at all, was decided encouragement. If you felt you could not marry him, why not refuse at once?"

"Because he would not let me. But if it was so likely to deceive him, why did you not warn me?"

"Why!" began Lady Elton, with an unusual expression of anger, but checked herself, and resumed in a carefully modulated voice, "because I credited you with more common sense, and superiority to sentimental rubbish, than to suppose you did not finally intend to accept him. Dearest Grace! just look at your position — your mother's — Mab's! What a deliverance such a marriage would be! What a friend to gain for Kandal! If I thought you had any prior attachment, I would not urge you so strongly. But really, Darnell is by no means a bad-looking young man, and it will be no sacrifice of youth to age. You will mould him to what you like. You may collect a charming circle round you, and show that stiff, contemptuous uncle of yours there is that in you which he cannot keep in obscurity. Then your dear mother! her heart is set on this marriage. You surely would not deprive her of the only gleam of light

that can give brightness to her declining years."

"Don't, Lady Elton — don't!" cried Grace, covering her face with her hands.

The pain expressed in her voice startled her companion, who was silent for a few moments, and then resumed, —

"To say nothing of the cruelty and injustice to poor Darnell, who loves you most truly, or he would not set his heart on such a disadvantageous match."

"I do not see that it is disadvantageous," cried Grace, looking up straight into the speaker's eyes. "I am as well, and better born than he is, as well nurtured, as well educated; and if I have no money, he has plenty. I don't see that he makes any sacrifice."

"Society would take a different view of it," said Lady Elton.

"Oh! I don't care about that, or anything else on my own account," cried Grace, in deep distress. "I want to do what is best and right, and I don't want to grieve Mr. Darnell either. I like him very well in a way, but to marry him! Oh, Lady Elton, I don't think if we were married he would care much for my mother, and I think he could be rough and cross. I cannot feel to trust him. I believe I could sooner make up my mind to marry that man with the grey beard and the queer notions. I could listen to him talking all day, but Mr. Darnell is — very stupid."

"My dear Grace, husbands are rarely amusing; and if they were, wives would not think so. All these ideas about sympathy and companionship are far-fetched, and nearly impossible."

"But you said the other day that nothing was so delightful as the sympathetic companionship of an accomplished man. Does marriage destroy sympathy?"

"Very often; but gives solid compensations."

For nearly another hour did Lady Elton set forth the merits of Darnell, the delights of the position within Grace's grasp, the duty she owed to her family, the hundred-and-one advantages to be gained by such a marriage, till she began to produce an effect upon her listener.

Grace's affection for Lady Elton was warm, her faith in her friend's wisdom and rectitude unbounded.

Perhaps she was selfish in thus rejecting the good fortune offered her; perhaps her instinctive half-distrust of Mr. Darnell was a stupid prejudice; perhaps Lady Elton was right, and the more she knew

him and got used to him the better she would like him.

"I see you are the sensible girl I always believed you were," said Lady Elton at length, rising, and striking a match to light her bedroom candle. "Reflect upon all I have said, and do not insult an honest man who loves you, by throwing him over after exhibiting him as your *fiancé*."

"But I did not!"

"Every one in the room to-night considered him engaged to you. Believe me, when you have accepted him, you will be much happier. Now, Grace, before we separate for the night, promise me you will not refuse."

"I will think about it, dearest, kindest Lady Elton! and — and — I believe I ought to marry him!"

"Enough!" cried Lady Elton, enchanted. "You are not the girl to shrink from doing what you *ought*. Good-night — God bless you!"

"Now," she thought, as Grace, her long eyelashes heavy with unshed tears, left her, "let Darnell strike upon this half-melted metal to-morrow, and what between surprise and preparation, it will be an accomplished fact. I think — I am sure I am doing right: it would be madness to miss such a chance."

Grace lay long awake, while her lively imagination depicted in the most gloomy colors the future, take which road she might through its threatening shadows. If she rejected what Lady Elton represented as fair fortune for her dear ones and herself, what a weight would be upon her conscience; to what just reproaches would she not leave herself open — self-reproaches, too — the bitterest of all! And if she accepted Darnell, to what life-long loneliness — or worse, irritating accompaniment, not companionship — she would condemn herself; isolated in spirit, yet never free; separated perhaps from those she loved by a dozen invisible barriers! Oh, better a thousand times work with them — struggle, starve, unfettered by claims and duties she could never fulfil! Then her distrust of Darnell suggested gruesome visions of possible unkindness and estrangement; and so in the short darkness of the summer night her fancy piled up images of woe, till she sobbed herself to sleep.

"Do you want particularly to go to church this morning, Grace?" asked Lady Elton after their late breakfast the next morning. She had avoided all allu-

sion to their conversation of the night before, but watching her young friend narrowly thought she traced symptoms of a mental conflict.

"No. There is scarcely time, and I can go this evening, with my mother and Mab."

"Very well! as I have some letters to write, rather difficult letters, I shall write in my own special room, and leave you in the company I know you like. There are some excellent papers in the *Westminster Review*. And, dear child! I do not wish to force your confidence in any way, but have you thought of all I said last night?"

"I have," returned Grace, with a low sigh.

"And do you not think I am right?"

"I believe you are."

"Then you will act accordingly?"

"Yes — if Mr. Darnell persists."

"Which of course he will. I feel sure, then, of your future; it will be free from the carking cares of poverty which de-grade and debase."

"They need not," said Grace; but Lady Elton did not stop to listen: she swept quickly from the room, and Grace somewhat listlessly took up a review.

Meantime Lady Elton seated herself at her writing-table, and set forth pen and paper. Yet her letter did not progress; she seemed on the watch, and slightly restless.

At length Luigi entered, —

"Mr. Darnell, miladi."

"Ah, where have you put him?"

"He is in the study, miladi, with Miss Frere."

"My compliments! I beg him to excuse me: I have letters of importance to answer." Luigi disappeared.

"I think all will go well," she mused, as she dipped her pen in the ink. Then glancing at a large, old-fashioned, highly ornamented watch, which hung on a rococo stand beside her, she smiled. "I will note the time occupied by a modern declaration. Having broken the ice before, he is already within the intrenchments. All must go well. I have brought her into the right frame of mind: he has only to go in and win. Foolish child! Poverty is bad for every one, but it is annihilation for a woman, who never can rise out of it without a man's help. How unfortunate it is that one cannot put the real bare truths of life before a young creature whose whole future depends upon her recognition of them! Yet if one did, would not the knowledge kill out

youth? And youth, with its woes, and wilfulness, and mistakes, is priceless."

She wrote on for a while, then again glanced at the watch; half an hour had elapsed. "All goes well, no doubt," she thought, and applied herself to her writing with renewed interest for perhaps ten or fifteen minutes; then she was startled by the distant violent shutting of a door, which shook the house. Before she ceased to conjecture what could have caused the unwonted sound, Grace came into the room and walked straight up to her writing-table—Grace with crimson cheeks and moist, glowing eyes.

"Well, my love," began Lady Elton blandly, "I suppose I am to congratulate the future —"

"I do not know what you will say to me," cried Grace, interrupting her with a somewhat excited voice. "But—but, I fear I have been rather rude and abrupt; and he has gone away in a rage."

CHAPTER XIV.

AN awful silence ensued. Lady Elton's face grew set and hard, yet she mastered her rising anger until she should get at the root of the matter.

"You mean to tell me you have definitely rejected Mr. Darnell?"

"Yes, quite! he will never speak to me again."

"I certainly cannot congratulate you on your fixity of purpose," said Lady Elton bitterly. "It is scarcely an hour since you confessed that it was your *duty* to marry Mr. Darnell."

"I know," cried Grace, "and I did think I ought. So he talked and talked—oh, a great deal of nonsense! I tried to like him and think it nice, and I had begun to smile and say how good I thought him, when all of a sudden he attempted to throw his arms round me," (the crimson cheeks became a shade more crimson); "and then, Lady Elton, I knew I could not, dared not marry him! I thrust him away rather roughly, and told him straight out I could not, and would not have anything to do with him! He was awfully angry and spoke so rudely, that I said if he could not remember I was a lady, he had better go away. And he did, slamming the door in such a fury—did you not hear it?"

Lady Elton made no reply. She walked away down the room and back again in silence. Then she said in a tone Grace had not heard from her before,—

"I never anticipated such a *finale*. I consider that you have utterly, perhaps

intentionally, deceived me. You have not been candid; there is some preference, some concealed preference, which interferes with Darnell. Come, I will give you one more chance of fortune, and my friendship—let me try to bring Darnell back; it might be done."

"I would do nearly anything for your friendship, Lady Elton," returned Grace, the color fading from her cheeks, and her heart beating audibly, "but this, I will *not*! I am ashamed of having been so nearly persuaded against my own instinct, but now I will change no more."

Lady Elton rang the bell. "As you will," she said in a low, concentrated voice; "but you will also excuse me if I decline in future to interfere in your affairs." (To Luigi, who appeared in answer to the bell: "Miss Frere will want a cab in a quarter of an hour." Luigi bowed, and retired.) "As you have made up *your* mind, and I have made up *mine*, we need waste no words; the sooner we separate the better. You have cruelly disappointed me. I thought, after the care and affection I have lavished on you, that you would be guided by me—that you would have had faith in my experience and judgment. As it is"—an expressive break—"I presume you will be ready to return home in a few minutes?"

"What!" cried Grace, who had been almost stunned by the stern earnestness of Lady Elton's manner. "Are you going to turn me from your house because, in a matter so vital to me, I dare to follow the impulse of my own feelings? Lady Elton, you are not just! I know I have behaved badly—that unintentionally I have misled you; but—I do *not* deserve this!" Great tears rolled down her cheeks, yet her voice, though slightly shaken, was still distinct. "Has no girl before me disappointed the projects of her elders—ay, and proved herself right in the end?" she went on, with increasing warmth. "Surely your own youth is not so far off that you cannot feel its promptings still! Did you never yield to your own impulse?"

"Yes!" said Lady Elton, turning fiercely on her, "and have ever since cursed the day I did. Had I at your age, and later, had such a friend as you have in me, I should have listened to her, and been saved. Do not speak to me any more; I cannot bear to hear or see you at present. Go—leave me!"

"You may be severe and unjust," exclaimed Grace, "but I shall always love you, and think of you with gratitude and

pleasure; and—and—I *will* kiss you before I go."

So saying, in spite of Lady Elton's surprised resistance, she embraced her vehemently, covering her brow and cheek with kisses, then darted away to her own room to prepare for her departure.

That return home in disgrace, and at variance with her warmly loved and profoundly admired friend, was nearly the bitterest and most vivid of Grace's varied memories in after-years. It was difficult, too, to face her mother.

Grace dreaded the unspoken reproach of her sad, simple, downcast face infinitely more than Lady Elton's worst words. Mrs. Frere had in truth built largely on her marriage with Darnell. To her somewhat primitive ideas, innocent as she was of any notion that women—gentlewomen—could be independent and self-supporting, a rich husband was the only deliverer by which a girl could be lifted out of the slough of despond, from the mire and clay of poverty, to the rock of wealth and importance. She had also a vague opinion that if a husband was easy-tempered and generous, there was no further need of higher qualifications. Darnell promised to fulfill these requirements—besides, he was fairly good-looking for a *bon parti*—and what more could Grace want?

It was an infinite relief to find Jimmy Byrne already installed, and the cloth laid for dinner. A respite was thus secured. If Jimmy would only take Mab and Randal out to walk, and leave her alone with her mother, it would be an enormous help.

After a hasty greeting Grace ran upstairs to remove her bonnet, and also what traces of tears remained. But tears with Grace were rare, and came usually in a short thunder-shower. Even on this terrible occasion they had soon passed away; and the drive to Albert Crescent, with the window of the cab open, had left but few signs; only a heightened color which made her eyes sparkle, and evoked an exclamation from Jimmy Byrne,—

"Ah, Miss Grace, I'm sure the Dungar roses *can* bloom in London, in spite of the smoke!"

"Oh, I am flushed; it is very warm to-day!"

"And had you a pleasant party yesterday?" asked Mrs. Frere, with a curious, lingering look; she fancied her daughter had something to communicate which she would not impart before the general public.

"Yes, charming! There were a number of clever people, foreigners and Americans."

"Was Darnell there?" asked Randal.

"Oh, yes, of course; he always is."

"He is an elegant young man," remarked Jimmy, with profound approbation. "I'm told Sir Henry Darnell has bought a beautiful place for him near Leatherhead."

"Some of the fellows in our office seem to think I am an intimate friend of his," said Randal; "they have asked me no end of questions about him. It is confoundedly snobbish, but his acquaintance seems a sort of patent of nobility."

"It is a mighty influential firm, faith!" said Byrne.

"By the way, mother," resumed Randal, "one of our fellows gives a little dinner at Greenwich to-day, and asked me—seven o'clock, I believe—you won't mind if I go as soon as the cloth is removed."

"No, dear Randal; only I hope they are nice people for you to associate with."

"Oh, nice enough! very jolly. Their *k's* get misplaced sometimes, but they are uncommonly civil—evidently see that I am a touch above them, and treat me with great respect; there is no use in giving one's self airs—"

"No, certainly not!" said Mrs. Frere.

Grace did not speak, though she felt an instinctive dislike and distrust towards the society thus described.

"I say!" cried Randal, who had been examining his purse, "could you give me ten bob, mother? These buses run away with such a heap of money."

"Ten shillings!" repeated Mrs. Frere, evidently upset by the request.

"Ten shillings, Mr. Randal!" exclaimed Jimmy. "Ah, how is a lady to have change of a Sunday morning? I have a nate little gold bit here, Mrs. Frere, ma'am, and Mr. Randal can bring it to me any time he is passing by the office."

"You are really very obliging, Mr. Byrne; but, Randal, don't you think you might make five do?"

"It all comes to the same, mother dear; I shall want the balance for buses."

"I am sure," said Mrs. Frere to Byrne, "I hope they will soon give Randal some salary, for we are nearly ruined with omnibuses and luncheons."

"We might put up a sandwich for him every day," said Grace.

"Oh, that looks so deuced shabby!" cried Randal. "Why, the poorest chap

among the clerks goes to a bar for luncheon."

"Well, Mr. Randal, you'll excuse me, sir, but I'd just not be ready to go along with those clerks of Cartwright's; some of them are a trifle unsteady. We do business for the principal, and our young men give rather a queer account of them."

"Then, Randal dear, do not go to this dinner; keep away," said Grace.

"Oh, that is impossible! I promised faithfully, and Wilkins depends on me for 'Molly Carew'; they say I sing it equal to any of the music-hall fellows."

"On a Sunday!" cried Mrs. Frere, aghast.

"Why, where did they hear you?" asked Grace.

"The night I went to supper with Anderson; when I did not come home till after one."

There was silence after this, broken only by a portentous "hem" from Jimmy Byrne; till Randal rose, bade them goodbye, pocketed the half sovereign offered by the family friend, and left the room.

"Here, Mab, Randal has dropped his handkerchief; take it to him, dear."

"Why should I take him his handkerchief?"

"Do, dear. Do it because mummy asks you, Mabel."

"He might come for it himself," returned Mab, rising reluctantly to obey her mother's behest.

"Will you do me a great favor, Jimmy?" cried Grace, as soon as the little rebel was out of hearing (she had long ago discarded the formality of "Mr. Byrne," which Mrs. Frere never dropped). "Will you take Mab out for a walk? She is always so pleased to go with you."

"Indeed, an' I will, Miss Grace dear; in an hour, if that is time enough. It is so thundering hot just now."

"To be sure, whenever you like. Here she comes, you ask her yourself."

The hour that intervened, though shortened by Mabel's impatience, seemed appallingly long to Grace; but at last she was alone with her mother, in the quiet room which she had put straight, and darkened into comfortable coolness. Then Mrs. Frere's gentle question, "What have you to tell me, Grace?" drew out, in a broken *staccato* fashion, the impending revelation.

A very bad half-hour indeed ensued. At first poor disappointed Mrs. Frere strove to be composed and high-minded, while the lace lappets of her cap quivered with the violent beating of her heart.

"Of course, dear — of course if you feel you cannot give him that affection which you ought, you were right to refuse; but oh, Grace, were you not too hasty? What an excellent marriage for you, and what a cru—u—el disappointment!" and the dam of resolution was carried away in a burst of sobs. "I do not blame you, dear, but as you care for no one else, don't you think you might in time have come to love poor Mr. Darnell? I am sure I see nothing but misery and poverty before us. I have only five pounds left, and there are four weeks due to the butcher. Then Lady Elton will never forgive you, and she was our only friend. How unfortunate it is that you could not like him! It would have put everything straight."

"I cannot see that. We could not all have lived upon Mr. Darnell. He might have helped Randal, but otherwise he would have only taken me away; and what could you do without me? I think it must be dreadful to marry a man so much richer than your own people. Every want of theirs would seem a reproach to you; and yet how bitter to see them mere encumbrances to one's husband! Oh, mother dear, do not be angry with me! I am so unhappy!"

"Angry with you! No, my own Gracie!" cried Mrs. Frere, her true heart touched by this unwonted confession from the generally self-sufficing daughter, whose equable spirits sometimes suggested to the more excitable, timid mother, want of feeling. "Angry with you? You who do everything for me! Only if you could have married Mr. Darnell, dear, I might have known some rest in the end of my days; but God's will be done! He gave and he has taken away," she said brokenly, with an instinctive recurrence to the formulas of religious consolation; and again she covered her face and wept.

Grace soothed her with loving tenderness, and spoke hopeful words which almost deceived herself. She pointed out the true wealth of their family affection, their small needs, of the economies that improved knowledge and extended experience would enable them to make, of the fair hopes opening to Randal in his new employ.

"I dare say they will turn him away when they know you have rejected Mr. Darnell!" ejaculated Mrs. Frere.

"Oh, mother, that is too absurd! and then you must try and make it up with Lady Elton. Though I am awfully angry with her for turning against me, and being

unjust and unkind, she *has* been wonderfully good to us."

"What can I do or say, Grace? no one minds me, and I am afraid she thinks you deceived her."

"But I did not; I could not help myself, no more than the water can help rippling when the wind blows over it."

"That is nonsense, Grace, if you had really made up your mind!"

"I thought I had, indeed I did! Come, mother dear, let us compose a letter to Lady Elton; I feel quite lost and broken-hearted at the idea of a real quarrel with her. I never loved any one so much — after *you* all. It is a pleasure to me to look at her and hear her talk."

Mrs. Frere shook her head and shed more tears. Then Grace brought her writing materials, but her mother, after spoiling a few sheets of note-paper, declared she was too nervous to think clearly; so Grace seized the pen herself, and poured forth her genuine feelings in an ardent, unstudied letter, worth a dozen concocted epistles. And then Mrs. Frere said her head ached so severely that she would go and lie down. Grace must make her excuses to Mr. Byrne; which Grace did, and if the truth be told, passed a more cheerful evening than she had dared to hope for in the society of the kindly little man. They talked of Dungan and its dear lost master — of some of Jimmy's remarkable experiences in the great office of Steenson and Gregg, which he related with point and humor. However, though carefully suppressing any sign of having perceived it, Jimmy did perceive that something unusual and unpleasant had occurred, and so took his leave early. Thus the unhappy day ended; and Grace, having administered a final cup of tea to her mother, and smoothed the coverlet over the restless though sleeping Mab, reflected as she extinguished her candle, that bad as all had been, how infinitely worse was the ill she had escaped — a positive engagement to Mr. Darnell!

Come what might of poverty and struggle, she was free — free to work and to endure for those she loved, unencumbered by the awful weight of distasteful duties. But Grace might have saved her eloquence and her tear-bedewed epistle to Lady Elton. The midday post brought Mrs. Frere a letter from that lady — a terribly distinct and decided letter. She expressed her utter disappointment and disenchantment very freely — spoke of the heartless conduct of Grace to Mr. Dar-

nell, and her own shame thereat — of her regret at this unpleasantness separating her from Mrs. Frere (whom she held blameless), because in her present frame of mind personal contact would certainly embitter and perpetuate the indignation which perhaps time and absence would enable her to overcome. With this object, and also to avoid gossip, she was resolved to go to Paris, ostensibly to meet a Russian friend whose arrival there was announced; that she would probably not return to London till late in the autumn, and then only to pass through; finally, that she would leave town on the following Wednesday.

"The day after to-morrow!" cried Mrs. Frere, laying down the letter.

An icy feeling of despair fell upon Grace as she finished this cruel letter — a sense of helplessness and desertion — a sudden fear of the future and its ungauged difficulties — the dawning of painful doubt as to whether she had done well in yielding to her own impulses, when a friend, wise, experienced, kind as Lady Elton, could condemn her so severely — a consciousness that she had estranged a powerful ally for her friendless family. Whom had they now to stand by them in the wide world of London but little Jimmy Byrne? For a bitter hour she took in, in its fulness, the horror of desolation she had brought upon them.

But she dared not breathe her fears to her mother. Dearly as she loved her, she never dreamed of looking to her for help. She would not be so cruel as to crush a nature so tender, so simple, so fragile, with the weight of her own reasonable anticipations. Grace could give help and protection too, without their frequent accompaniment of contempt. Hers was the true chivalry which can be loving and loyal to the weakness that leans upon it, so the courage she simulated came to her in reality.

Dark clouds never hang long on the horizon of youth; to them the unknown is almost always bright, even when the brightness is fitful. A sense of wrong, of being unjustly treated, helped to sustain her; and then when she re-read the letter, hope began to clear away a tiny blue space in the clouded sky.

"See, dear mother! Lady Elton evidently intends to try and conquer her anger and be friends again; and when she has time to think, she will see she has been unjust to me. We must leave her alone, and say nothing to Randal."

"Oh, we must, Grace! he will suspect

something. I—I did speak to him this morning. You were not in the room when he came in to breakfast, so I told him."

"I wish you could have avoided it. He was dreadfully late. When did he come in last night?"

"I am sure I do not know," said the mother evasively. "I told him he had better not speak to you about it."

"What did he say himself?"

"Oh! he was very much astonished that Mr. Darnell wished to marry you, and thought you terribly foolish to refuse."

There the matter ended. But both Grace and Mrs. Frere avoided the vexed subject of Mr. Darnell.

From Temple Bar.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

BY FREDERICK WEDMORE.

A STRANGE and difficult life, and the production of much art-work in poetry and painting of which the merit has been fiercely debated, give interest of a peculiar kind to the story of William Blake. *Pictor Ignotus* he was styled years ago, and to a large portion of the public an unknown painter he still remains. Probably the amount of uncouth design of which he must perforce be accused, and the volume of incomprehensible verse in which he expressed a part of his aspirations, have largely contributed to delay the universal admission of success to the designs which are not uncouth and the verse which is not incomprehensible. The debate about the merits of William Blake has never been of a very satisfactory kind. Some people have been too enthusiastic, and many have been too ignorant. We owe much, however, to the late Mr. Gilchrist, to Mr. Rossetti, Mr. Swinburne, and one or two writers who have yet more lately expressed themselves. None of these gentlemen are to be charged with the worst exaggerations. All are patient and sympathetic students to whom Blake's genius has opened itself—Mr. Gilchrist undoubtedly foremost among them, and always the chief. And indeed there are few persons who can take up the study of Blake—his life and his poetry still more than his design—without submitting in some sort to a spell, a fascination, such as Blake personally exercised upon the best of those who

came near to him in the flesh. Probably the strongest proof of Blake's real genius—despite his many deficiencies and his occasional wildness—is to be found in the inevitableness of the charm he exercises over all minds that are not quite hopelessly commonplace. To know Blake is to be glad to be with him. To know a little of his design and nothing of his life and of his poetry, may perhaps be to deride and undervalue him. But a more complete knowledge of him, and of the various ways in which his spirit was manifested, brings about the rare joy that it is proper to feel in presence of a sweet nature and of a high mind.

The essential unworldliness of Blake is one of the most interesting of his characteristics; he was unworldly, not in the sense of the theologian who is more occupied with points of doctrine than with the facts of life, but as one upon whom the deepest facts of life have a strong hold—as one who is in love with nature, and with beauty wherever it is seen, who values and delights in the simplicity of children, appreciates entirely the matters of sex, and because he is wiser than clever men is himself as simple as a child. His unworldliness was of the kind that sees towards the bottom of things, through the appearance of things. His long brooding meditation had deeper results than the surface observation with which many painters and writers must needs be content. He watched and considered, now with sweetness and now with indignation, men's chequered destiny. In his mind, in the end, it was the sweetness that triumphed. He lived obscure and died in indigence—was born over a shop in Broad Street, Golden Square, and died, an old man, in a mean court out of the Strand. In his age, and in his poverty, and in his experience that the world had brought him few of its recognized goods, he could yet say to a child, as his blessing, "May God make this world as beautiful to you as it has been to me." So much was his own life, as has been well said, "instinctive and wholly interior"—so faithful was he to a conception of life untainted by the bitterness of evil chance.

The Broad Street, Golden Square, of Blake's childhood—the middle of the last century, for he was born in 1757—was not quite so dull a place in which first to see the light as it would be now. For the neighborhood has greatly fallen. Mr. Gilchrist—who must have made much of that rare love of imaginative men for cities and the associations of cities—has

properly reminded us that the Golden Square neighborhood, the neighborhood immediately east of what is now the lower part of Regent Street, and yet immediately west of Soho proper, held social status at least equal to the Cavendish Square neighborhood of our own day. Wardour Street, the busy manufactory of new old furniture; Poland Street, with its small printing-offices, its coffee-houses, its dwellings apportioned in many tenements to the lodgings of theatrical artists not yet celebrated and of dressmakers never to be in vogue; Golden Square, itself, with its one or two foreign hotels, its minor hospital, its mansions devoted to the bookbinder or the fencing-master, all this was then fairly "fashionable," if not precisely "aristocratic." And Broad Street, like the Wigmore Street, or the Mount Street, or North Audley Street, of to-day, was a street chiefly of good shops, varied by a few private houses, instead of the decayed if spacious thoroughfare which we see at present, where a barber who occasionally sells a cheap violin to a member of the Royalty or of the Princess's orchestra, has a shop next to that of a furniture dealer's, at which you pick up brass fenders bought at country sales, and where next again comes the French washerwoman's — the *blanchisseuse de fin* — whose apprentices are ironing delicate linen in the open room as you pass by. Thus, though Blake's first associations were prosaic — since he was a draper's son — they were not sordid nor mean.

It is strange, however, to think of the wonderful artist and poet, the man of high imagination, brought up among even these surroundings. A poetic spirit of weaker quality would have found itself crushed by them. On Blake they had no effect, for it was in the main truly that in his maturest years, he was able to write, "I assert for myself that I do not behold the outward creation, and that to me it is hindrance and not action." Where other people saw the sun rise — a round disc like a guinea — Blake saw "an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying 'Holy! holy! holy!'" — and praising God — not indeed for Broad Street, Golden Square — but for the wealth of nature and beauty that were so much outside of it.

But Blake's preoccupation with spiritual matters, with the lasting essentials of life, did not prevent him from observing keenly the people he met, and from judging their characters with a rapid correctness which belongs only to the man of

the world, and to that deeper man of the world, a great poet. A story of his boyhood confirms in us this belief. He was fourteen years old when it was finally decided that he should be educated as a professional engraver, and it was at first proposed that a quite noted engraver of the day, one Ryland, should become his master. Father and son went to Ryland's work-room, to see the engraver at work. "I do not like the man's face," said William Blake to his parent, on coming away; "it looks as if he will live to be hanged." Twelve years afterwards, the then prosperous engraver fell into evil ways — committed a forgery — and was hung as the boy had predicted. Blake's dislike to Ryland's countenance had had the effect of causing his father to seek some other master. The one selected was James Basire, the most distinguished member of a family of engravers, a man whose sterling but necessarily uninspired work is worthy even nowadays of quite as much respect as it receives. It is amusing to remember how Blake, affectionate and ardent, earnestly upheld it long after he had ceased to be Basire's pupil. For him, Basire's name was the symbol of all that was good in recent engraving, and the more popular Woollett's the symbol of all that was bad. Of course Blake's zeal outstepped his judgment here: the real beauty of William Woollett's work, obtained by delicate observation and patient hand, no one who is removed from the controversies of the moment will care to gainsay. Masters of classic grace and of elegant pastoral — masters like Berghem, Claude, and Richard Wilson — he was born to interpret. But Blake said that Woollett did not know how to grind his graver; did not know how to put so much labor into a hand or foot as Basire did; did not know how to draw the leaf of a tree. "All his study was clean strokes and mossy tints."

At James Basire's in Great Queen Street, nearly opposite Freemasons' Tavern, young William Blake's prentice-hand began to grow into the hand of a master. Also he was sent into Westminster Abbey and various old churches to make drawings from the monuments and buildings, which Basire was employed by Gough, the antiquary, to engrave, "a circumstance he always mentioned with gratitude to Basire," and one which, as Blake's best biographer has rightly discerned, was much adapted to foster the romantic turn of his imagination, and to strengthen his natural affinities for the

spiritual in art. The character of Blake was fast developing: there were seen already those many-sided sympathies with art which made him engraver, painter, and poet. The task of the engraver, however artistic an one, was too slow and too little spontaneous to content Blake wholly. A copyist, even of the most intelligent and learned kind, he was not satisfied always to remain. He would not only reproduce — he must directly create. And so we come upon the first of his inventions in design and upon the first of his poems. In both, with whatever faults of execution, he showed himself original; but at first perhaps more particularly in poetry. The poetry of nature and of natural sentiment, that a generation or two later was to sweep all other poetical effort away, had then hardly begun in England. Blake composed his earlier verses years before Burns addressed the public of Kilmarnock; years before William Cowper, Esquire, of the Middle Temple, had issued his "Poems" — still longer before the "Lyrical Ballads" which, in 1798, Cottle, the Bristol bookseller, gave to but few readers, had proceeded from the close association and friendship of Wordsworth and Coleridge.

A freedom of natural sentiment was in these earliest poems of Blake's — a happy and inspired carelessness as to the way the thing was said, if only the feeling at the bottom of all did get itself expressed — very remarkable indeed in a generation which had for its models poetry quite obviously artificial, poetry in which thin thought and shallow feeling were wrought into fineness of phrase. But yet these earliest poems are not the poems by which Blake secures his immortality. They are not the poems which thoughtful and tasteful folk will most care about, nor are they the obscure if profound work which, as days went on, Blake himself, it may be, got to consider his highest productions. A little time had yet to pass before Blake's poetic genius found full expression — before there came to him both the best theme and the artless art to treat it. He had to pass through his period of studentship at the newly-formed Royal Academy, he had to be a lover and he had to be an independent artist, before his mind was ready with the "Songs of Innocence," or could be delivered later of the "Songs of Experience."

Blake's marriage was a marriage of consolation. He had thought himself in love — he had perhaps been actually in love — with that mysterious being whom the sen-

timental dramatist and the sentimental novel-writer describe as "another." And "another" had been careless about the young painter and poet; "another" had been obdurate and unkind. Having suffered his addresses for a certain season — having talked and walked with him in unconventional ways which bred great hopefulness in his mind — she suddenly tired of it. And the young lover was left, not pining in silence, but somewhat loudly lamenting. A girl, who was more of a bystander than an acquaintance, said very frankly, that she "pitied him from the bottom of her heart," and William Blake began to love her for her pity, and she accepted his love. Catherine Sophia Boucher, born of humble parents in the then remote suburb of Battersea, was a good-looking brunette, with a fine figure, with industrious hands, an active mind, and little or no education. She could not sign her name in the parish register kept at Battersea Church, where she and Blake were married; but she was capable of learning, and for many long years after he first met her — from his youth to the time of his old age, when she alone watched by him in his last moments — she was a pleasure and a help to Blake. A little of the spirit of the artist seems to have been in her. As time went on, she was found capable of making a very few designs in the Blake manner, and both during Blake's life, and, we suppose, after his death, she colored some of the prints which he published — if almost private issue can be called publication — along with his poems. She did not, it is true, color them very well, and the Blake collector likes to have his copies colored by the more skilled hand of the original inventor; but still she seconded him to the best of her powers — had always a wise interest in her husband's work, and a full belief in him.

Employed to engrave designs after Stothard and others in the *Wit's Magazine* — which was by no means a wholly comic miscellany, but politely intended rather for people who had wits than for witty people — Blake fell into various employment. In 1784 he made his second appearance as an exhibitor at the Royal Academy, and in the following year he likewise exhibited. His father was now dead, but Blake was living in the street of his birth — Broad Street — in partnership for a time with one Parker, as it seemed necessary to be print-seller as well as artist. Parker and he disagreed — the partnership was dissolved, — and Blake

moved a short way from Broad Street, to Poland Street, near the top on the eastern side. He was very poorly off, and Mrs. Blake, in household matters, had to practise the severest economy. There had already long been evident much in Blake's character that was incompatible with the attainment of material success.

The man who on the death of his brother Robert, whom he had greatly loved, had been able to declare that that brother's spirit, loth at first to leave the earth, had at length clapped its hands for peaceful joy at departure, as it passed upwards through the ceiling, was a man whose imagination was not likely to be of the kind admired by the ordinary picture-buyer. That indeed was the crazy side of Blake—a craziness absolutely harmless except as far as concerns the material prospects of the person who is a prey to it—but such occasional craziness in Blake was inseparably united to the fineness of his imagination. The force of his vision of spiritual things brought with it, almost as a necessity, these fancies, and both incapacitated him for popular work. Both would have told against him perhaps at any time, but never more decidedly and surely than in the latter half of the eighteenth century, when intellect was constantly sceptical and hardly at all imaginative—when there was the least disposition and the least ability to make allowance for the vagaries of a seer of visions and a dreamer of dreams.

Unencouraged then, and uncommissioned, by the public—thus far in the cold and dark of general neglect—the simple man set himself to the accomplishment of a congenial task, and the "Songs of Innocence" were gradually written and furnished with their appropriate designs. Of late years "Songs of Innocence" have been given to the public in the form of common print, like the work of every other poet, who has written and published, since printing was known. But it was not so that Blake sought to present his poems to that limited world for which alone he expected to cater. He laboriously engraved the verses, as he engraved the designs, and the ornamental borders, and having printed it all off—picture, verse, and ornamental border—he set himself, as copies were wanted for sale, to fill in the picture and the border with wash and stroke of color, and this plan, first conceived for the "Songs of Innocence," he adhered to throughout his life. The pecuniary reward of such a plan was not necessarily

so slight as in Blake's experience it turned out to be. A painter-poet of our own day could make it yield a sufficient harvest of money, if he tried. Curiosity would be roused about it; there would be ecstatic brethren to sing its praises in society; it would be written about in the weekly newspapers—especially if it were not going to be exhibited. But with Blake, the presence of these beautiful designs—their outlines printed indeed, but their colors filled in by hand, so that no two copies could be alike—with Blake, the presence of these beautiful designs did not so greatly enhance the price of the verse. Whoever chose to buy the wonderful work could buy it at a price that was, absolutely insignificant. Moreover, the demand for it was always limited, though it never quite ceased.

In each department of art that Blake essayed in the "Songs of Innocence," he was without doubt triumphant. He made homely and beautiful designs, poems which in their order of merit are yet more unique than the drawings, and in the treatment of the ornamental borders he showed himself a fine decorative artist. There is present in the designs, as we know them by the necessarily uncolored examples in Gilchrist's "Life," something that is common to a group of eighteenth century artists and much that is only Blake's. Fuseli said that Blake was good to steal from. Blake, later in his life, charged Stothard with stealing from him in the "Canterbury Pilgrims;" and with many of Blake's other designs Stothard's have much affinity. In both men's work there is apparent the easy and simple grace in movement and costume which belonged to the end of the eighteenth century, and which—often, however, with some touch of the masquerade—is with us again to-day. To those who do not know Blake himself, to say that the grouping of figures in the simple costume of the period very slightly idealized, very slightly classicized—as in the "Echoing Green" for instance—is Stothard-like, is to convey a first general idea. But in such a drawing as that of "The Lamb," wherein a naked child extends his arms, welcoming, to creatures made and loved like himself by God (for that is the moral of the poem), it is a pure naturalist who conceives the situation and expresses it in line—his only reminiscences being, seemingly, of Florentine art. In the landscape, too, whether it be the thatched roof of the cattle-shed, or the thick-spreading elm-tree, or the bit of bending

willow, there is more of naturalism than would have been quite acceptable to the orderly art of Stothard. And with all appreciation of Stothard's art — of its more constant suavity, its greater general correctness — we are bound to hold it, in its rendering of the gesture of the figure, less expressive than Blake's. It is more occupied with an external grace. There is less emotion in it. The designs for the "Songs of Experience," that after some lapse of years followed the earlier series, are — as fitting accompaniments to the poems themselves — at once bolder and more obscure, with figures of gesture more fearful or more enraptured, with a passionate abandonment, never sought for, and never wanted, in the "Songs of Innocence."

And now we have come to the brief consideration of these two collections of poems. The two collections of designs may be considered apart, but the poems must be considered together. The mood in each collection is so different, yet it is the same nature that is at bottom of the passing mood.

The "Songs of Innocence" were written when the young manhood of Blake, filled with the joy of his work, had hardly realized how much of failure there was in the world — still less how much of failure was coming to him. In the "Songs of Innocence," the spiritual man entered into the heart of a child, and sang, in joyous temper, of the life of children in country and town. The "Echoing Green" is a piece of delightful music made to celebrate the pleasures of the place where village children make holiday. "Holy Thursday" sings pleasantly and touchingly about the charity children at St. Paul's. The introduction to the series — the poem beginning "Piping down the valleys wild" — tells by an allegory how Blake was singing for children and for those who cared for them; a piper, he says, was piping to a child, and the child made him repeat his tune, and "sing his songs of happy cheer," and told him finally, in sign of satisfaction, that he must sit him down and write, "in a book that all may read." "So he vanished from my side," says William Blake, in the character of the piper, —

So he vanished from my side,
And I plucked a hollow reed,
And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

The "Songs of Experience" were
LIVING AGE. VOL. XXXIV. 1752

written only a few years after, but in a temper widely different. It would be particularly interesting if some one of the few people who know Blake profoundly and minutely, and who have derived a part of their knowledge from old men still living who came into intimate contact with him — John Linnell is one of these — it would be interesting, we say, if some one so qualified would tell us what brought in so comparatively short a time a change of temper so complete. The problem is one which Mr. Gilchrist's admirable book does not absolutely solve. Blake himself must have been conscious of the thoroughness of the change — conscious too, as we have declared before, that the same nature lay behind the varying moods. For by a method peculiar to himself he may almost be said to have called attention to the change — to have emphasized the difference. To begin with, his very titles establish a sort of antithesis between "Innocence" and "Experience." Clearly the one is to be contrasted with the other. Again, at least two of the separate poems have their titles repeated; the title of something in the first publication is found again in the second. "The Chimney-Sweeper" and "Holy Thursday" are the cases in point. Both are poems of the city, and naturally so; for, first, the country never suggested the contrasts which are here in question, and, secondly, the "Songs of Experience" are little occupied with the country at all. "The Chimney-Sweeper," as we find it in the two volumes, presents the contrast most sharply: from the *allegro* of the first song we proceed suddenly to a depth "deeper than ever the *andante* dived." The first tells of a little boy — one Tom Dacre — who

cried when his head,
That curled like a lamb's back, was shaved,
and to whom the speaker, a little boy
sweeper also, spoke reassuringly, —

And so he was quiet, and that very night
As Tom was a-sleeping he had such a sight;
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned,
and Jack,
Were all of them locked up in coffins of black.
And by came an angel who had a bright key,
And he opened the coffins and set them all free;
Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing,
they run,
And wash in a river, and shine in the sun.

And the angel speaks very hopefully to the chimney-sweeper, telling him chiefly that if he were a good boy he would have "God for his father, and never want joy." The two promises express Blake's con-

ception of Heaven: the sense of the reality of the first was constantly with him.

Now "The Chimney-Sweeper" in "Songs of Experience," breaks in upon this innocent peace. Even the little child, who speaks in the poem, catches the shadow of the writer's gloom. He says that his father and his mother are gone up to the church to pray, having taken him from the heath where he was happy, to make him the little black slave of his master. They clothed him in "the clothes of death," and by the hard fate to which they condemned him, they taught him to "sing the notes of woe." Somehow, as Blake so subtly saw, the youth of his spirit asserted itself. They could not quite crush out of him his childhood and its instinctive joy. But they had done their worst, and there was the bitterness of it.

And because I am happy and dance and sing,

They think they have done me no injury,
And are gone to praise God and his Priest and King,

Who make up a heaven of our misery.

In the two "Holy Thursdays," again, two different views are taken of the lives of children. The one is the view suggested to an easily satisfied man by the spectacle of the charity children under the dome of St. Paul's. He sees, complacently, "their innocent faces clean." They are to him "these flowers of London town." To him they have "a radiance all their own." But in the second "Holy Thursday," Blake wants to know whether it is "a holy thing" to see, in a rich and fruitful land, "babes reduced to misery."

Is that trembling cry a song,

Can it be a song of joy,

And so many children poor?

It is a land of poverty.

And the moral, to the poet, still simple in his bitterness, is that things are very wrong:

For where'er the sun does shine

And where'er the rain does fall,

Babes should never hunger there,

Nor poverty the mind appal.

Having stated which truth, or truism, in his strongest poet's way, and so done his part, he ends — leaving the matter to the political economists, who, as it would appear, have not, during these hundred years, succeeded in settling it.

But the strongest and most passionate note uttered in "Songs of Experience" is one which is uttered only there, and there only once. It is in the poem which

he calls simply "London" — in it, before his mental eye, the evils of the town are concentrated, are brought to a focus. It seems that as he walks in London the faces that he sees make him wretched. His view, however it may be morbid and exaggerated, shows at all events one side of a truth — he sees, in every face he meets, "marks of weakness, marks of woe." There is something sad to him in "the cry of every man" — the infant's, the chimney-sweep's, the ill-fated soldier's. But most it is a woman's cry that strikes upon his spiritual ear.

Most through midnight streets I hear

How the youthful harlot's curse

Blasts the new-born infant's tear,

And blights with plagues the marriage hearse.

His feeling here has waxed too strong for his power of expression. He is so intense that he becomes obscure. But his obscurity, with his volume of passion, is worth, many times over, the lucid mediocrity of less inspired bards.

Perhaps we have now succeeded — as far as brevity allowed — in making clear to some the order of beauty, both of design and of song, which is to be found, if it is properly sought, in the finest works of Blake — in the things by which he will certainly live. That is what we wanted to do. In other places it is easy and convenient to find accounts of his later and more voluminous writings, of his more ambitious designs; such a great series as that, for instance, which he executed for the "Night Thoughts" of Young; such poems of his own as those included under the name of the "Prophetic Books," some of them strange visions and strange prophecies which we take to be more curious than finally satisfactory.

To return, with however short a treatment, to the story of his outward life. He lived long in Lambeth after he was in Broad Street — Hercules Buildings — the abode, if we mistake not, of another neglected genius, the Triplet of "Masks and Faces." Hayley, the biographer of Romney, and himself quite a considerable poet in his own day — people estimated him, of course, a good deal by his riches and by the excellence of his country house — Hayley encouraged Blake for a while, and induced him to remove to Felpham in Sussex, at the foot of that Sussex Down country which Copley Fielding afterwards painted, and which Mr. Hine, in our own day, is painting with even more wonderful subtlety. Hayley lived in that countryside — had the good house of the district

—it was there that the too frequent painter of the "Divine Emma" came on his annual visit. And Hayley gave Blake commissions, during Blake's residence there. But at length the almost inevitable fussiness of a wealthy *dilettante* of absolute leisure began to annoy Blake very much — began to disturb and to thwart him. He wrote to London friends that he felt bound to return. He looked for the day of his deliverance, and at last it came. In London, at that period, Mr. Butts was his best patron: the friendly and always business-like purchaser of so many of Blake's designs. Interesting accounts between them are furnished in Mrs. Gilchrist's new edition of her husband's book.

Returning to town, and living long in South Molton Street, Blake was associated more or less with Flaxman and Stothard; he was considerably wronged, it seems, by Cromek; and he had the faithful friendship of John Linnell. Linnell lived then at a remote farmhouse on the far side of Hampstead, and there Blake used very often to visit him, unbending, giving himself out in genial chat. It must have seemed pretty clear to the poet by that time that no wide popularity was coming to his verses — that no great prices, such as the most impudent of incapacity cheerfully asks in our own day, were ever to be got for his pictures. But he, and his wife with him, went contentedly on — she, believing altogether in her husband; he, believing altogether in the paramount importance of his spiritual world, the comparative insignificance of material things. Poverty closed round him. He had no studio rich with the spoils of the East and of Italy, and adroitly enhancing to the innocent purchaser the value of all work done in it. He had now a few barish rooms in Fountain Court, out of the Strand. There ill-health and enfeebled age fell upon him. He engraved what plates he could — realized what inventions he could — sometimes even when confined not only to his rooms, but to his bed. Getting out, now and again, he fetches his own beer from some public-house at the corner — meets, under those circumstances, an artist who is just sufficiently celebrated to be careful with whom he is seen, and not exalted enough to be indifferent to what may be thought of the company he chooses to keep. And the just sufficiently celebrated artist does not, under those circumstances, think it prudent to speak to him. Blake goes home, only a little amused by

the incident, to the rooms in Fountain Court.

There he was known by, amongst other artists, an artist then quite young, and now venerable — Samuel Palmer. Mr. Gilchrist wanted Mr. Samuel Palmer's impression of Blake, and in a very graphic, touching, and significant letter, Mr. Palmer gave it. This is how he concludes: —

He was one of the few to be met with in our passage through life who are not in some way or other "double-minded" and inconsistent with themselves; one of the very few who cannot be depressed by neglect, and to whose name rank and station could add no lustre. Moving apart, in a sphere above the attraction of worldly honors, he did not accept greatness, but confer it. He ennobled poverty, and by his conversation and the influence of his genius, made two small rooms in Fountain Court more attractive than the threshold of princes.

Such, in the testimony of one who knew him — or one who was able to appreciate him — was William Blake. And so died on the 12th of August, 1827 — watched chiefly by his wife — the great inventor, the seer of visions so powerful and so terribly direct, engaged at the last in "composing and uttering songs to his Maker." His wife, Catherine, thought them so beautiful that the poor old man had need to tell her his belief — that they were not *his* songs; he was but the instrument that uttered them. A lowly neighbor, who went away when the old man had finally sunk, declared that she had been at the death of an angel. Was there then, in that humble room, any vision to gladden him like to his own most beautiful and most impressive design, "the Morning Stars singing for joy" — the expression of an aspiration of his life, at last, after long years, to be realized?

From Good Words.

A NIGHT ON MOUNT WASHINGTON.

BY PROFESSOR W. G. BLAICKIE, D.D., LL.D.

THE Americans were a long time discovering the White Mountains. Not exactly discovering them, it is true, for they are seen in the horizon of New England from afar, and in the upper portions of the state of New Hampshire they are as conspicuous as the Welsh mountains from the west of England, or the Cumberland and Westmoreland hills in the north. Even from Portland on the seashore, eighty or a hundred miles away,

the mountain range stretches along the south-western horizon, and in a clear day the massive form of Mount Washington is seen above all its neighbors. But though the hills were known to exist, nobody thought of exploring them. The inhabitants of a new country have no time to fall in love with the picturesque. The battle with the forest and the soil is too hard and too universal to admit of picnic excursions in pursuit of the sunrise or the sunset. And sooth to say, if you wish to see beautiful sunrises and sunsets in New England, you do not need to go very far for them. The verandah of the frame house, or its bedroom window, will in most cases afford admirable opportunities for feasting the eyes on these glories of the sky. We shall not readily forget the wonderful succession of autumn sunsets which evening after evening presented themselves, as we sat swinging on the rocking-chair in the verandah of a friend's house, with the beautiful Connecticut River and valley before us. And the exquisite calm that breathed from the amber sky after the sun had set, and from the bosom of the river, where crag, and tree, and sky were all so softly mirrored, seemed to supply all that coolness and repose that toiling men and women needed after the heat and burden of the day.

It is little wonder therefore that for the greater part of two centuries the White Mountains, and Mount Washington their king, were virtually unknown. After all, what did people in Scotland know of the Trosachs and Lake Katrine before Sir Walter Scott? or of Rydal and Grasmere before Wordsworth? There are discoverers and discoverers. The White Mountains as protuberances on the earth's surface were one thing; as the homes of picturesque beauty quite another. The Americans have found them worth knowing in the latter sense, and so may persons more remote. To most Englishmen, we believe, they have a very vague and shadowy existence. Anthony Trollope, we suppose, expressed his own notion before seeing them, when he said that by Englishmen in general they were supposed to lie somewhere between the Rocky Mountains and the Alleghanies, and to be homes of the red Indian and the buffalo. To him, as to many a stranger, it was quite a surprise to find within a few hours by rail from Boston a mountain plateau, some forty five miles long and thirty wide, rising higher than any mountains in Great Britain, and claiming, though not without challenge, to be

called the Switzerland of New England. As for red Indians and buffaloes, it is perhaps unfortunate that there are none thereabout. If there had been resident red Indians, the grand old Indian names would no doubt have been continued for the mountains, as they have been, over all America, for the rivers. What is the result? Why, that the old names are discarded, and these hoary veterans, that carry us back into the dim ages of the geological past, are now distinguished from one another by nothing better than the few modern names that America delights to honor. There is Mount Webster, and Mount Adams, and Mount Franklin, and Mount Jefferson, and so forth, and towering of course above them all, Mount Washington. We cannot say we like the choice. It seems to stamp littleness where nature has given majesty, and to cover the memorials of the mighty past with the memories of yesterday. In some great mountain pass you see on the rock the evident marks of glacial action, and you are carried back in imagination to the far distant age when ice reigned in hoary majesty over the whole region. When you learn that the mountain bears the name of Jackson or Webster, you seem to have found the step between the sublime and the ridiculous.

It is less than a hundred years since Mount Washington, which the Indians called Agiochook, received its present name. It is little more than half that time since the first footpath was made to the summit. About twenty years ago, a path for carriages was completed. In 1866 a railway was begun, and completed in 1869. The height of the mountain is 6,293 feet, some five hundred more than any of the adjacent hills. There have been hotels on the top for about thirty years, occasionally blown down by storms. The present hotel, "Summit House," dates from 1872.

If the Americans made little of the White Mountains during the early part of their history, they have amply compensated their early neglect by what they make of them now. The district is now traversed by railways bringing the tourist as near to the mountains as the nature of the country allows. Where the railway cannot be built, or rather where it has not been built as yet, stage-coaches supply its place. Hotels, accommodating four or five hundred guests, have been run up at various convenient points of the district, reached either by the railway or the road. Very often, these hotels with their an-

nexes and offices are the only houses within reach of the railway station. If you see "Fabyan" or "Crawford" on the map, do not flatter yourself that it is a city, or even a town or village, with houses, stores, and other institutions surrounding. It is simply Fabyan's or Crawford's house or hotel, with its environments. And notable houses they are, indeed, to be found in the heart of what was recently a wilderness. At Fabyan's, where we spent a day or two, in addition to the main building there are two bedroom houses, accommodating in all four or five hundred. The drawing-room is one hundred feet in length, with other dimensions corresponding. The register includes names from all parts of the United States, but hardly any from England or the Continent. It is a purely American house. Everything is arranged in American fashion and at American hours — breakfast, dinner, and supper. Should you happen to arrive midway between the canonical periods sacred to these meals, you must amuse your appetite as best you can, till the doors of the *salle-à-manger* are thrown open. The talk of the gentlemen is all American politics. The talk of the ladies is American gossip. If you are not an American, or if you have not American friends, you are a fish out of the water, and, indeed, it is something of presumption for you to be here at all.

What is rare in America, the waiters are all young women. A glance is enough to show that though acting now in a menial capacity, they do not belong to a menial class. Their faces are intelligent, their manner smart and self-possessed, their fingers lithe and usually adorned with jewellery. Who are they? Daughters of New England farmers, or if you prefer it, landed proprietors, who have no intention of devoting their lives to service, but have come here for a season to see a little of the world, and in a few weeks will return to complete their education, or begin life in a different way. An American friend waxed eloquent to us over them. "No such young woman," he said, "in all America. They make splendid wives. Presidents and governors have married such young women, and right well off they have been." We could believe it all, for the faces were intelligent, the style of work purpose-like, and the bearing of the girls evinced thorough self-respect. At meals, the *salle-à-manger* is arranged in tables placed crossways along either side of the room, with places for a dozen at each. A manager in chief receives

you at the door, and assigns you your table and place. The bill of fare is as ample and varied as in the best city hotels, and you order whatever you like. The girl in waiting receives your order, and quickly your dishes are planted round you. That is to say, your minor dishes are ranged round your principal one — your butter, potatoes, tomatoes, pease, turnip, squash, or whatever else of vegetable produce you have called for, make up a little solar system around the central dish of beef or mutton, till, under your exertions, the whole system is annihilated, and the next course begins. For liquor, the *carte* offers you wines and liqueurs manifold, but they are seldom called for. Ice-water is almost the only tippie. The hotel has a bar, hid away in some out-of-the-way corner, which gentlemen inclined thereto may find and frequent as they please. But women and children are for the most part practical teetotalers, and thus upper American society is secured one element of purity; women are not wine-bibbers, and however much they may be interested in their eating, drink water only.

Fabyan's is the most convenient point for the ascent of Mount Washington, the very summit of which, or tip-top, as they call it, may be reached by railway. You may rise from your chair in the hotel, step across the platform into the car, and, with a single change of cars, step out six thousand feet and more above the level of the sea. The first five or six miles are along the level, and present no feature of much interest. When you reach the "base" station you change into the mountain car. It is much the same as an ordinary American car, accommodating probably fifty passengers. In ascending the Rigi in Switzerland by rail you are placed with your back to the top, but in ascending Mount Washington you sit in the usual way. The engine is behind and pushes you, and in descending it is in front, arresting the motion. The principle on which the engine works is the same as at the Rigi — there is a notched rail midway between the ordinary rails, into which a cogwheel from the engine fits. The rate of motion is about three miles an hour. At first the noise of the cogwheel is loud and disagreeable, but in a few minutes you get used to it. And as you proceed a miracle could hardly produce a more remarkable sensation. Above you, you see the road mounting over a huge precipice, and by some strange, wizard-like power, you are swiftly

and steadily borne up. Round a curve you see an airy fabric—slender iron tressels standing with outstretched limbs over a yawning gulf. Without a moment's fear or hesitation, your vehicle passes over the gulf, and you are safe on the opposite side. Puff, puff, puff, and still the word is excelsior, and as you look backwards you see what a height you have reached. There are no passenger stations as at the Rigi along the line, for the best of reasons—that there are no inhabitants on the mountain-side. But twice, we think, the train stops that the engine may be watered. The conductor is obliging, allows the passengers to get out and scatter themselves a little along the mountain-side. You are gazing on the view below, when your attention is arrested by a hissing noise from above. Can you believe your eyes? You look up and see certain of your fellow-creatures sliding down the rail at a velocity of some fifty miles an hour. You find that they seat themselves on a little sled that fits on to one of the rails, and you are told that when their course is unimpeded they can traverse the whole distance, from summit to base in four minutes. The sled is furnished with a drag, and in the present instance the vehicle had to be pulled up before they reached our train. Anything more mad-like than the dashing course of the men in full swing you can hardly imagine. Broken bones or broken heads sometimes occur, but to one thoroughly able to manage his sled, and gliding without interruption from top to bottom, the motion, beyond doubt, is most delightful.

The afternoon has been clear and sunny, and our view of the surrounding country is glorious, though the mountains are much less crowded than around the Rigi, and the whole scenery much less grand and varied. As we ascend, the vegetation becomes manifestly more Alpine. The trees are reduced to pine, and the pine becomes dwarfed and scraggy, and finally disappears. The rocks become rugged and irregular, as if they had hard times in the wintry ice and snow. We are yet eight or ten hundred feet from the summit, when we become distinctly conscious of a whiff of vapor. Perhaps it is from the engine? No, it is too extensive for that, and now it seems to envelop us as if a vapor bath had been part of the programme. It is impossible to resist the conclusion, that we are caught in a fog. And as the sun is to set in a few minutes the conclusion is but too appar-

ent that we are likely to be balked of our expected view. We do not despair, however. We remember a similar journey up the Rigi two years before, when we reached the top in a storm, and could not see the one end of the Kulm Hotel from the other. Great was our delight on that occasion when, in an instant, the fog disappeared, and a clear bar in the sky, between the clouds and the horizon, gave the sun a splendid opportunity to gild the whole amphitheatre of mountains, and disappear in a perfect blaze of glory. But no sunset was to be seen from the summit of Mount Washington to-night. The whole body of the American tourists rapidly made up their minds to that, and as soon as they had registered their names and secured their rooms, abandoned themselves to disappointment and to supper. It seemed to one of my party and myself that for once we might get an advantage over the Yankees, and by superior 'cuteness see the sun set after all. We remembered that it was very near the summit that the mist had come on, and that a short walk would bring us into a clear atmosphere again. So, while the Americans were at supper, we stole down by the carriage road, and in some twenty minutes were below the mist. The summit of the mountain hid the sunset proper, but not far off we could easily see the clear sky, the clouds flushed with red, and the bright green valleys below. It was no drawback that the atmosphere around us was still charged with vapor, which would come rushing along in occasional whiffs. The optical illusions that presented themselves between the light and the dark were very curious. We would observe clear, silvery lakes reposing in perfect stillness where no lakes had ever been seen before; or a bright river would be seen wandering among the mountains, all the more remarkable because the want of streams was what we had remarked as their most conspicuous defect in the daylight view. While still wondering what it could all be, our surprise reached a climax on our observing a splendid blaze as if of electric light streaming out in silver lines from a single spot. By-and-by the riddle was solved. It was patches of the sky we had seen, of that white, shining, pearly hue you often see half an hour after a bright sunset. The dark clouds through which these white patches shone completed the illusion. We had the pleasure (or the pain?) of thinking that no eyes but ours had seen these curious sights. Retracing our steps, we were soon envel-

oped anew in impenetrable mist. As we neared the hotel another illusion was seen that reminded us of the Hartz Mountains. Right above our heads a gigantic human figure was observed, six times the size of an ordinary man. It moved its huge legs like one of the old giants, and waved a lantern with its enormous arm. But as it neared us, each step diminished its bulk one half, and when at length it passed, it was but our own size—an ordinary Yankee coachman going down to the stable to look after his horses. It was not difficult to account for the phenomenon—particles of mist acted as magnifying-glasses under the light from the lantern, hence the gigantic figure of the man. When we reached the hotel we found that our disappearance had caused some anxiety, and that opinion was divided as to whether or not we had fallen over a precipice. The most anxious of our friends, however, had been soothed by being told that the road was so plain that we could not be lost unless we had been bent on committing suicide.

It was the beginning of August, and down below people could hardly bear the lightest clothing; but it was cold atop, and the hotel on the summit was heated as if it had been the depth of winter. We fancy that that must be the American taste, but it did not suit us. Our little bedroom was like an oven, and between the hot, dry air within, and the mist outside, breathing was reduced to great difficulty. The night brought little sleep and less refreshment; there was little fear of our committing the mistake of Mark Twain on the Rigi, and sleeping till afternoon, as his "Tramp Abroad" had just been informing us. With the first streak of dawn we were at our window, delighted to find that, saving an occasional whiff from the north, the mist had disappeared, and that there was the prospect of a full view of the sun. In a short time a bell rang loudly, and before five o'clock the platform in front of the hotel showed all that variety of impromptu toilettes usual on such occasions. Nothing could have been finer than the dawn. While silver was stealing over the sky, a puff of mist, as it rolled up from a neighboring valley, would suddenly glow with a bright red flush, and as suddenly pass away. By-and-by the sky showed its brightest tints of blue and green, and the clouds their richest crown of gold. Then, on the edge of the horizon, came a speck of dazzling ruby, expanding with provoking rapidity into a slender

red bow, then into a spotless semicircle, and finally a globe of molten gold. All round the sea of summits was bathed in the tender pink of an Alpine dawn, patches of cloud gleamed on the mountain-sides like masses of opal, and below, the valleys shone out in their freshest green. In a brief half-hour the glory was over. The sun and clouds had become commonplace, the poetical appetite of the spectators was satisfied, and a new appetite gave signs of great activity, for every one was asking when would breakfast be ready.

Breakfast was not to be ready for three-quarters of an hour. It was very hard. However sleepy you may be, you cannot sleep. You have got unsettled, and a meal is necessary to restore your equilibrium. The three-quarters of an hour seem like three hours. At length breakfast comes, your prosaic wants are satisfied, and there remains only the settling of the bill before you are ready to begin the descent.

Of course there are all sorts of souvenirs of Mount Washington to be had by those who care for them. The only one that particularly took our fancy was the daily newspaper. It was truly characteristic of America to print a daily newspaper there, and to draw particular attention to the fact that it is the only daily paper in the world printed on the top of a mountain. *Among the Clouds*, as it is called, cannot lay claim to any extraordinary amount of originality. The news is limited to a record of the weather at the signal-station on the previous day, last night's arrivals at the hotel, and a few notes from the adjacent tourist stations. Such subliminary matters as the presidential contest or the war in Afghanistan created little or no interest so far above the surface of the earth. The life of the paper is limited to two months of the year; hotel-keepers and railway companies use it for advertising; beyond that it must be content to be reckoned a curious toy.

There are three ways of getting down from Mount Washington; first, by the railway, which most of the visitors preferred; second, by a stage-coach, along a road which winds over a shoulder of the mountain, reaching Glen House after an eight miles' ride; and thirdly, by the same road on foot. Two of us preferred the last of these methods, while another member of our party took a place on the coach. Nothing is more surprising to English tourists than the want of inclination for walking shown by Ameri-

cans. As far as we could learn, there was but one pedestrian besides ourselves. The coach had a fair complement of ladies and gentlemen. It was provided with three pairs of horses, not for the descent but for the upward or return journey—six handsome greys that looked quite stylish. It did seem to us, for a moment, an awkward question, what would happen if one of these animals were to take a frisky fit on the edge of a precipice. It soon occurred to us, however, that horses that have to drag a heavy coach daily up eight miles of loose, sandy road to the top of a mountain no less than four thousand feet above the base, must have all their frisky moods pretty well taken out of them in the course of the climb, and may safely be trusted to perform the descent like lambs. At the same time we were not without some anxiety about the safety of the friend who had taken a seat on the coach. We comforted ourselves by the thought that as there seemed to be no drinking-places on the mountain, the driver must be sober, and the driving would be very careful. By-and-by we came to a part of the road where a great smash had evidently occurred recently among the trees. An American gentleman told us that a month before, the coach had been upset at that spot, a lady killed, and two or three other passengers seriously wounded. "How was it possible," we asked, "to upset the coach at such a place?" "I believe, sir," replied our informant, "the coachman was drunk."

The first half of the descent is over a very rough part of the mountain, and one needs to be careful as to apparently "near cuts." We saw one that was very tempting, cutting off a long, acute angle; but the mountain was so rough and the brushwood so scraggy that it cost us quite as much time as the regular road, and double the labor, besides tear and wear of boots and other garments. Lower down, the path is very beautiful; it passes through an avenue of trees, as if you were traversing an English park, only after a time it becomes somewhat close and monotonous. Glen House, where the descent terminates, is one of the most celebrated of the White Mountain hotels, and shows the same kind of company as we left at Fabyan's. It is situated in a finer spot, more secluded and Highland, more in the very heart of the mountains. For those wishing to spend some time in the district, and plunge wholesale into its characteristic enjoyments, we should fancy Glen House a most delightful centre.

From Glen House to Glen Station, the nearest point at which you can strike the railway, is a distance of fifteen miles. Over this space you may travel either by the stage-coach or by private conveyance. We chose the stage. An American stage is a curious combination of mediævalism and the latest improvements. The latest improvements consist of Saratoga boxes—the huge wooden trunks in which American ladies carry about their very valuable and varied supply of dresses. To accommodate these the coach is made large, lumbering, and heavy. Inside are two seats, as in the old mail coach, but as they are at a considerable distance from each other a third seat may be introduced between, having the effect of making the other seats close and uncomfortable, and subjecting the whole inmates to the risk of suffocation. Outside there is room for only four passengers. Six strong horses are needed to drag the ponderous vehicle up hill and down dale. The roads are none of the smoothest, and, as the coach is not set on springs, but only suspended by huge leather belts, the jolting is absolutely heart-breaking, and something like sea-sickness is a common result. These great six-horse vehicles traverse the road in both directions several times a day. Of course, they must meet sometimes. If we had been the driver our mind would have been agitated with terrible apprehensions as to the kind of spot where the meeting might take place. The road is precisely of the width necessary for a single coach. When two meet one must leave the road and take refuge in the brushwood adjoining. This is all very well if the brushwood happens to be on the same level as the road; but if the road is a foot or two higher than the adjacent wood, or along the bank of a stream, or the side of a ditch, or the edge of a morass, the problem is not so simple. To a stranger it seems as if a dead-lock were inevitable. We fancy the coachmen have some sort of instinctive apprehension of the advent of another coach, and forewarned is forearmed. But when a private conveyance approaches the consequences to the owner may be somewhat serious. If there is no room to pass he must unyoke his horses, lift round his buggy, and retreat before the stage till a passing-place can be found. It is wonderful how the horses seem to understand these difficulties, and how much common sense they show in adapting themselves to them, and taking the only possible way to get out of them.

For the most part the road lies through forest, and it would be always beautiful if it were not just a little monotonous. For miles upon miles no human habitation can be seen. But there is not a spot that is not worth looking at, and now and again you get glimpses of wooded mountain and winding valley on which the eye loves to linger, and which photograph themselves on the memory.

At Glen Station you may get into the railway and drive through some of the most beautiful scenery of the White Mountains, including the celebrated Crawford Notch, returning to the Fabyan House. The Notch is a valley, some twenty miles in length, through which a little river, the Saco, makes its way, while the mountains rise on each side, from the very edge of the stream to the height of two thousand feet. At one place the opposite rocks come within twenty-two feet of each other. The gorge is full of beauty, and here and there small mountain streams tumbling into it give rise to beautiful cascades, but during the warm tourist season these unfortunately are generally empty. The railway winds through the Notch, and as open cars are provided on this part of the line, the traveller gets an excellent view, if he can contrive to keep himself from being blinded by the smoke and cinders from the engine. Of the very few houses that meet the eye, one called Willey House has a tragical interest. More than fifty years ago an avalanche of snow descended from the mountain, burying the whole Willey family, nine in number, who had fled from the house for safety. If they had remained they would have avoided their dreadful fate; a rock above the house split the avalanche, and the house escaped and is there to this day. The railway brought us back to Fabyan's, exactly twenty-four hours after we had started. The "round," as they call it, is very interesting, and gives an excellent idea of the White Mountains.

No one would ever seriously think of comparing them with Switzerland — they have no snowy summits, hardly even a peak, and in magnificence and variety are never to be talked of in the same breath. It would be more suitable to compare them with the mountains of Wales or of Westmoreland. We may be under the influence of national prejudice, but we cannot award the White Mountains a place of equality to either. There is no doubt more massiveness — more unbrok-

en stretches of wooded mountain and grandly sweeping valley; but there is much less variety, and far fewer of those complete little landscapes which a painter would delight to copy. They seem to us a mighty whole, a grand *tout ensemble*, but we did not find those manifold nooks of exquisite beauty which make Wales and Westmoreland a perpetual succession of delights, each with some feature of its own. As we have already said, there is a want of lake and river. The landscape wants eyes. The stretches of unbroken green need crags and peaks to break them up, and sheets and threads of silver to give them brightness and life. We believe, however, that all these defects would have disappeared if our visit had been paid in "the fall." From what we saw elsewhere of the exquisite coloring of the woods at that season, we believe the White Mountains must be perfectly beautiful. And probably the cascades and streams are fuller, and the whole aspect of things more bright and lively.

But there is one great want not remedied at any season — human habitations. For the solitudes are not like the bare, unclothed solitudes of the Scottish mountains, grand in their very loneliness; they are wooded glens and mountains that seem to crave habitations to nestle in their leafy shade. But of habitations, apart from the big hotels, too big to be picturesque, there is scarcely a vestige. There are no snug hostelries at the roadside to invite the weary pedestrian to rest. There is hardly a spot over the whole district, except the hotels, where one can get even a cup of milk. Strange to say, in democratic America, the White Mountains are a strict preserve for the wealthy. Not by any edict of proprietors threatening trespassers with prosecution, but by the law of the hotels, whose tariff practically excludes every poor man. One or two small houses make more moderate charges, but the usual rate is four or four and a half dollars, not much less than a pound a day. At the Summit Hotel, on Mount Washington, the charge for tea, bed, and breakfast is four dollars and a half. It is singular how extremes meet. The poor man is not more hopelessly excluded from the precincts of an aristocratic deer forest in the old country than he is from the open beauties of the White Mountains in democratic New England. Of course he may carry a wallet and sleep in the open air, but young America has no fancy for such ways. In many re-

spects, as they say, one man is as good as another in America, and, as the Irishman added, a little better; but if he does not carry a good fat roll of dollars in his pocket, the White Mountains are forbidden fruit.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
ROUND DELIA'S BASKET.

Dorothy. O Pussy, could you ever bear to leave our own dear little home, and your own little corner, and the mat, and the basket, and the milk-saucer? Of course we might take them with us; but how could you ever bear to have a great rough collie sprawling on your mat and upsetting your saucer? They say that dogs grow like their masters. Certainly that dog is very like Tom. Dear Tom! He certainly does make a great noise. He is so big; and his boots are so big; and he comes clattering into that big hall of his: he always leaves the door open. Men are so clumsy; and, of course, a woman does get a little set in her ways, as she grows — when she is getting to be — not so young as she — as she used to be. Then the dog comes jumping in at the window — there is always a window open somewhere — frightening one to death; and there are all sorts of draughts, and a great fire fit to roast an ox. No, Pussy, I am quite sure you never could be happy there. Dear Pussy! dear Delia!

What shall I say if he asks — what should I say if he were to — He is such an old friend, and I am so fond — I have always been so fond of him since we were boy and girl together. O Pussy, I do wish you could advise me!

Dear, dear, how silly I am to be considering what I shall say before anybody — when nobody has asked — when there has been no question. I am old enough to know better — yes, old enough. If he had wished — if he had meant anything, he might have said something years ago — ten years ago — or more. I have known him all my life. Dear Tom!

And yet — I really do think that he must mean something. He comes almost every day. We have been near neighbors and dear friends all these years, and yet he never used to come nearly so often. And then he doesn't come for anything particular; that is, unless — He just comes in and strides about, and begins to say things, and doesn't finish; and asks

me the same questions every day about little Lily. Dear Lily!

I don't believe that there is another man in the world who would have done what he has done for little Lily. To adopt a child is such a serious thing. No relation whatever to him. Just because her father was his friend, and nobody wanted to take charge of the poor orphan baby, and he scarcely more than a boy at the time; yes, it was good. I do think, Pussy, that he is the best man in the world.

But then no guardian, however good he may be, wants to come every day and talk about a little girl, and say the same things, and ask the same questions. And then his wanting me to keep Lily here when she comes back from her friends! Doesn't that look as if — oh, but I must not think of it. Is that the front-door bell? Oh dear! There, there, Pussy; it's nothing; don't disturb yourself. It's nothing — nothing.

(Miss Dorothy listens anxiously; she gives a little jump as Lily comes in.)

D. Lily!

L. Didn't you expect me? Didn't you get Teddie's telegram?

D. No, dear. And, my dear, who is Teddie?

L. I'm very sorry, dear Miss Dorothy, but they all call him Teddie. He's Teddie Armstrong, Kitty's brother; he's an awfully nice boy; I don't call him Teddie to his face, you know, dear; but that comes of trusting a boy; he promised to send you a telegram the very moment he got to London. But how are you, dear? And how's Delia? Is she in her basket?

D. Yes, dear: but please don't touch her; I think she's asleep.

L. I think she's always asleep.

D. She does sleep a good deal; but when she is awake, she is the cleverest, dearest creature, the best companion — But, Lily dear, I don't understand now why you are here. To-day is the day when you were to have gone on to the Blakes. Of course I am very glad to see you. Dear child!

L. All the Blakes have got the mumps — even old Mrs. Blake; at least they think she has; only she's so fat that they can't be sure; and so I've come straight to you; and I am so tired of visiting; and I am so glad to be at home — almost at home.

D. Dear Lily! And you must be quite at home here. You are to make me a nice long visit. I settled it all with Tom.

L. May I stay with you always?

D. Dear Lily! But what would your guardian say to that? Tom would never forgive me. Of course the Hall is your home till you are old enough to be married.

L. I shall never marry.

D. Never is a long word. But you are quite right not to think of such nonsense for a long time. There is plenty of time for such a child as you.

L. When does one give up being a child?

D. Why, of course, dear, when you are grown up. What an odd question! And why don't you ask after Tom, dear? You really ought to ask after your good, kind guardian. He is so good and kind.

L. How is he?

D. What a way to ask! And why don't you say "Uncle Tom"?

L. Because it's silly. He's not my uncle. He's not the least bit of a relation. Uncle Tom! It's as if he was black.

D. You always used to call him "uncle."

L. When I was a little thing, and didn't know any better. Miss Dorothy, why did he send me away to make these stupid visits? And why does he want me to stay here with you instead of going — of going home? Tell me, please.

D. It is because he is so good. You know how fond he is of you — dear Tom! he always was so fond of children! — but he thought that you ought to see some younger society; and so I am afraid he has been very lonely sometimes, for he has been over here a good deal lately; and — O Lily! I am really afraid, my dear, that you don't half know how good your guardian is.

L. Well, you know, anyway.

D. Lily!

L. And so he sent me away to play with the other children. He thinks me a child still; he —

D. Why, of course, dear, you are a child.

L. And when does one become a girl?

D. Why, of course, dear, when you come out, and are a young lady.

L. I sha'n't come out. I've seen the world now, and I think it's silly. You can't think what nonsense those boys talk.

D. You won't think so always, dear; that is, when they — Yes, dear, I dare say they will talk nonsense to you some day.

L. They talk nonsense to me now.

D. Lily!

L. They do — at least some of them do — sometimes. They are so silly. They certainly don't say much. They only stare when they are with us, and yawn; and then one of them says, "Come on, Charlie," or "Regy," or "Bertie," or whatever it is, "and have a smoke;" and then they go away, and get quite lively, and we hear them laughing. Boys seem to have most fun by themselves. Boys ain't like girls.

D. But I thought, dear, you said that they talked to you.

L. So they did. Oh, Miss Dorothy, do you know Regy — Mr. Reginald Chalmers?

D. No, dear.

L. He is *such* a dear!

D. Lily!

L. Oh, but he is. He has got a little tiny moustache; and he waxes the points; and his man takes him tea in the morning before he gets up; and for two days he didn't seem to know that I was alive; and the third day, just after luncheon, he said quite loud that I wasn't "a half-bad-looking little girl," and I could have killed him. And after that he became quite friendly; and the next evening he stood staring, and twisting that little moustache; and at last he said, quite suddenly, "By George, you *are* in looks to-night."

D. I think that Mr. Chalmers must be a very rude young man. He ought to know better than to speak like that to a girl in the schoolroom.

L. Well anyway he knows that I'm not a child. That's something.

D. How odd you are to-day, dear. You are quite defiant. I hope I haven't said anything to hurt you. Dear Lily!

L. Oh, no, no. You are always kind. Oh, dear Miss Dorothy, *you* will always love me, won't you? Promise!

D. Of course I will, dear. There, there! You are over-tired, dear. You must rest here with me. This is a good place to rest. There, there! You mustn't cry.

L. I don't know why I'm such a fool. And may I live always with you and Delia?

D. No — yes — perhaps dear, if — Lily dear, did it ever occur to you — of course you don't think of such things yet — but did it ever occur to you that your guardian might marry?

L. Marry!

D. Of course, dear, he seems to you to be very odd.

L. No.

D. Well, you know, dear, that men do marry.

L. No.

D. You don't know it, dear?

L. I mean, yes.

D. I wonder if it would make a great difference to you.

L. No. Of course not. Why should it? To me! That's why he sent me away then — away from home.

D. Lily dear! Don't you care if he is happy, or no?

L. How could he be happy with that horrid Bertha Hale?

D. Bertha Hale!

L. It must be one of those horrid Hales — no, dear, of course they ain't horrid — it's I who am horrid; and they are very good; and I do hope he will be happy — and that's the reason why he sent me away. I'll never forgive him; never!

D. Bertha Hale!

L. I suppose it's Bertha, unless he likes pale-green eyes. If he does, it's Caroline.

D. But what makes you think, dear, that Tom — that your guardian — thinks of any of the Miss Hales?

L. They are the only girls within miles; and they think of him — all of them. Oh, how he must hate me!

D. Lily!

L. Oh, but he must. I've mimicked Caroline's intellectual look a thousand times; you know it — like this; and I've bridled like Bertha. Bridled!

D. (*She is busy and her face is turned from Lily.*) Don't you think, dear, that if he thought of — of being married, that a man of your guardian's time of life would be more likely to choose somebody who was not — in fact, not quite a girl.

L. (*after a pause*). I don't know.

D. I think I hear a horse.

L. It's him. I mean, it's he.

D. Where are you going to, dear?

L. (*Comes softly to kiss her.*) I'm going to write to Kitty; and to send messages to Teddie and Regy, and —

D. Lily!

L. I don't care. I like boys. I do like boys. There! (*She runs away.*)

D. Lily! My dear! Come back! Please! Lily! Lily, you must come back to see your guardian. (*Here Tom Raymond comes in.*) Oh, Mr. Raymond, oh!

T. Mr. Raymond!

D. Tom! You startled me so.

T. A pretty time to begin calling me

Mr. Raymond. It has been Tom and Dorothy for the last thirty years.

D. Not quite thirty! No. I think not quite — not quite!

T. It's a long time. Have you heard from Lily? She hasn't written to me for two days. You don't think she is ill?

D. She is quite well. Dear child! I never saw her looking better.

T. Saw her! What do you mean?

D. O Tom! please don't look so fierce. I do hope you are not angry with the dear child for coming back.

T. Child! Oh yes, by the by, of course you mean Lily — and she's here then? Here? In the house?

D. Yes. She is writing a letter to Katie Armstrong. It seems that the Blakes have mumps in the family, and —

T. Mumps! Good heavens! Lily didn't go there, did she?

D. No. She came straight to me instead.

T. Ah! That's all right.

D. Shall I send for her?

T. No. Not yet. I want to speak to you first.

D. To me!

T. I've something on my mind. I want a woman's advice. I want to talk to *you*, Dorothy. It's about something of great importance to me. Can you spare me a few minutes? Will you listen to me, Dorothy? (*He takes her hand.*)

D. Yes, Tom.

T. I want your candid opinion. Am I too old to be married?

D. (*after a pause*). No, Tom.

T. Are you sure? I never thought of my age till lately. I know I'm strong and fairly active; and I've walked and ridden this country day after day and year after year without stopping to think how old I was. It's a confounded ridiculous thing for a man to sit down and think how old he is! I feel like a confounded fool.

D. Tom!

T. I do. I've had plenty to do without sitting down to pull out my grey hairs. I've been a busy man, — what with being my own bailiff, and farming a good bit of my own land. I've never had time to be much of a lady's man. That's what I want to talk to you about.

D. Yes, Tom?

T. Some men understand women. I never did. I've always wondered about them. When I was a boy, a woman's handkerchief or gloves left in an empty room was enough to make me awkward. My voice used to crack when I spoke to

them; though I was loud enough — most likely a deal too loud — on the cricket-ground or in the hunting-field. And yet, do you know, Dorothy, I suspect I was a romantic fellow all the time. I'm half afraid I'm a romantic fellow still. I must be a confounded old idiot — but that isn't to the point. Only I want you to understand that I know nothing about women. I was afraid of them so long, that the fear became a habit; I shall never get over it. Now I want you to tell me some things. First, are you quite sure that I'm not too old to be married?

D. Yes, Tom. I am quite sure.

T. And not too rough? I think I must be noisy. I never thought about it till — I've been practising at home. I've been shutting doors without banging them; and taking off my shooting-boots directly I came in. I think I get on a little. It's hard, though, to reform at my age; and harder to reform the dogs. Of course I could turn 'em into the stable — all except Bairnie. I don't think I could turn Bairnie out of the house; she wouldn't understand it; and I love the slut.

D. Tom!

T. What?

D. Would you mind not going quite so near to Delia's basket. She has been a little nervous lately; and I am afraid you may frighten her.

T. Course! Who's Delia? Oh, I know. Of course it's Pussy. Really I am awfully sorry, Dorothy; but when I get excited, I can't help stamping about; and when I get into a little place like this, all full of jolly little things, where there isn't room to swing a cat, I —

D. Tom!

T. What?

D. Oh, Tom, don't speak like that.

T. Oh, I beg your pardon. I talked about swinging a — yes, yes, I won't say it again. I beg Delia's pardon. And I'll try to keep quiet. I'm afraid that I am noisy.

D. No, Tom. I am sure you are not. I am sure you can be very gentle when you think of what you are saying.

T. I can but try. Oh, then, there's another thing. How about my clothes? Do I dress like other people? I never thought about clothes till — that is, my tailor always sent down what he liked; they all looked alike to me. Now, these things that I've got on — are they the sort of thing men wear nowadays?

D. Really, I don't think I have noticed — I am afraid I don't know.

T. Do they look all right? It's a confounded ridiculous thing for me to be turning about here like a tailor's dummy. Is there anything peculiar about them?

D. Oh no, Tom. I think they are very nice.

T. Well, then, there's only one thing more for me to ask.

(She turns away to stoop over Delia's basket.)

T. You think it possible that somebody might really care for me?

D. (faintly). Yes.

T. Now take care what you say. You don't think it impossible that I should be loved — loved, mind you — by a young girl?

D. A young girl! *(She turns away again and stoops to Delia's basket.)* Poor dear Pussy, your shawl is all rumpled. There, dear.

T. You hesitate. You wish to be kind; but you hesitate. You know it can't be. Thank you, Dorothy.

D. (facing him). No, Tom; no. I am sure that you may be loved by any girl. Will you tell me? May I know who it is?

T. You must know.

D. Is it Bertha Hale? or Caroline?

T. Bertha or Caroline? Good heavens, no!

D. I am glad of that, Tom. I think — perhaps I wrong them, but I can't help thinking — that they might have been influenced — a very, very little influenced by considerations of the property and position in the county.

T. There never was a Hale who wouldn't sell his soul — or her soul either — for a ploughed field.

D. Tom!

T. No, thank heaven! The little girl, who is the light of my eyes, and — confound it! I can't bear to speak about it; I couldn't say a word about it to anybody but you; you are such an old friend, Dorothy — such a dear old friend; you know what a fool I am.

D. Oh no, Tom; and thank you very much.

T. She has grown up in my home as in my heart; she loves the old place and not its money's worth; she —

D. Tom, whom do you mean?

T. Who should I mean but Lily, my little Lily?

D. But, Tom, she's only a child.

T. I thought so six weeks ago.

D. How old is she? Why, yes, of course — why, really she must be —

T. Never mind how old she is. Six weeks ago I hadn't thought of her age. I knew she was growing tall; I supposed all children grew; but I never thought about it. I'll tell you how it was. It was one of those first spring days—you remember them at the beginning of April,—well, I was strolling across the lawn with my hands in my pockets and Bairnie at my heels—I remember the tune I was whistling—I suppose I shall never get that confounded tune out of my head.

D. Yes, Tom?

T. I heard Lily calling me; I looked round for her, and I couldn't see her.

D. Yes, Tom?

T. You know the old cedar, the one with the boughs coming down and lying on the grass?

D. Yes, Tom.

T. I saw something white in the shadows, so I stepped in. She was sitting on one of the big branches, with her back against the seamed old trunk—just about as high as my heart. No. I can't tell you what she looked like. She was like all sorts of beautiful things. Of course, I'd always liked to look at her; but I never thought about it before. She laughed at my finding her; I believe I could find her in a tropical forest. I put out my hands to lift her down.

D. Yes, Tom?

T. I'd done it a thousand times; I thought nothing of it. But somehow I'd never seen her eyes like that; there was something in them—what a confounded old fool I am! Before I had time to think if I would, or to decide that I'd better not—just at the moment when I held her in my arms, I—I kissed her.

D. But surely there was nothing strange in that; surely you had often—that is, that surely was not the first—

T. The first! I'd kissed her every morning and evening since she was a baby.

D. Well, then, why—I am not sure that I understand why—

T. I don't know. I never thought of that. I'd never kissed her at that time of day.

D. Yes, Tom; I see.

T. Oh, you see, do you?

D. Yes, Tom. And then you sent her away.

T. Yes, I—

D. Of course.

T. You seem to know all about it. I thought she'd better see some young men;

confound 'em. I suppose she has seen some at the Armstrongs'?

D. Yes.

T. Well?

D. She says they are silly.

T. Ah!

D. But she seems to have found some of them agreeable.

T. Oh!

D. I am afraid she seems inclined to talk about them a good deal.

T. Oh!

D. But all the time she seems to be laughing at them.

T. Ah! Well, look here, Dorothy. You must keep her here for the present. Will you?

D. Yes, Tom.

T. And you must have in the neighbors. She must see more people. You might have some tennis; and luncheons; and five o'clock teas; and things. There ain't many young men in the neighborhood, are there?

D. Oh yes, there are a few: let me see; there's—

T. Oh, don't trouble yourself. You needn't bother about it—at least, yes, you must. Get 'em in in shoals; have 'em over in squads from Sandhurst; advertise for young men!

D. Tom!

T. She must see young men. Good-bye, Dorothy, and thank you very much. What should I do without you?

D. Oh, it's nothing, Tom; and thank you.

T. Good-bye! I'm off.

D. Without seeing Lily?

T. Yes; it's better. I won't see her for months.

D. But she'll think it so strange, she'll be hurt; she knows you are here.

T. Does she?

D. Yes. You must see her, Tom.

T. Must! Oh, well, I suppose I'd better. Just for a moment. I suppose I had better? Eh? What do you think?

D. I'll call her.

T. Stop!

D. What is it?

T. I don't know. I never felt like this before. Dorothy, I believe I am frightened.

D. Very likely.

T. What do you think she'll do?

D. I can't say.

T. Oh, of course it'll be nothing. It'll be just as usual when we meet. She'll come and kiss me, and—eh?

D. I hope not, Tom.

T. You hope not!

D. Don't you see that if it is just as usual; that if she comes to you, as a child to her guardian; don't you see — O Tom, how stupid you are!

T. Dorothy! what's the matter? Why, you never spoke to me like that in all your life before.

D. No, Tom. I beg your pardon, Tom.

T. That beats me. I told you I didn't understand women; but I did think I understood you.

D. Of course you do, Tom. Of course you understand me. But never mind me. I am going to call Lily.

T. I think I'd better go. Look here; you know you've frightened me. It's your fault.

D. Very well, Tom; it's my fault. But don't go. Don't be weak. You must stay and see for yourself how Lily meets you.

T. Confound it, Dorothy, you order me about as if I were a baby. You are not like yourself; you are like somebody else; you —

D. Never mind me. This is the right time, Tom. You must be brave now, and I hope and believe that you will be happy.

T. You are right. (*He wrings her hand.*) You always were right. I won't run. Call her!

D. (*at the door calls.*) Lily! Lily! (*They stand still and listen. Lily runs in and half across the room towards her guardian. Feeling the excitement in the air, she stops. Still looking at the man, she turns away to the woman.*)

D. Dear Lily! how stupid I have been! I thought you were a child, dear. I am so glad.

L. Are you glad? (*She looks into her eyes.*)

D. Yes, dear.

L. Then I am glad. (*She kisses Dorothy.*)

D. Tom! (*He comes obedient and takes Lily from Dorothy's arms.*)

T. Ah! Is it — Yes. O Dorothy!

D. Are you glad you stayed? You must take great care of our Lily, Tom. (*She stoops to the basket.*) No, Delia, dear, don't disturb yourself, dear. Dear, dear Pussy! It's nothing, dear, nothing.

T. Nothing! Yes, nothing for a cat to care about.

D. Tom!

T. I beg your pardon, Dorothy.

From Notes and Queries.

DR. SOUTHEY AND THOMAS CARLYLE.

In the appendix to the second volume of Mr. Carlyle's "Reminiscences" appears the following passage, on which I am desirous to make a few observations:—

He was now about sixty-three, his work all done, but his heart as if broken. A certain Miss Bowles, given to scribbling, with its affectations, its sentimentalities, and perhaps twenty years younger than he, had (as I afterwards understood) heroically volunteered to marry him, for the purpose of consoling, etc., etc., to which he heroically had assented, and was now on the road towards Bristol, or the western region where Miss Bowles lived, for completing that poor hope of his and hers, a second wedlock; in what contrast, almost dismal, almost horrible, with a former there had been! Far away that former one; but had been illuminated by the hopes and radiance of very heaven; this second one was to be celebrated under sepulchral lamps, and as if the forecourt of the charnel-house! Southey's deep misery of aspect I should have better understood had this been known to me, but it was known to Taylor alone, who kept it locked from everybody.

Now, it has been my happiness, during a residence of more than thirty years in this county of Sussex, to have lived on terms of the closest intimacy with the family of the late Rev. John Wood Warter, for close upon half a century the learned and estimable vicar of West Tarring, who, as is well known, married Edith May, the eldest and favorite daughter of the ever-to-be-lamented Dr. Southey. I was regarded and treated by them both as more than a common friend, and therefore was made the depositary of many of their private and family matters, which were strictly withheld from more ordinary acquaintances.

Among these they often spoke to me of the circumstance alluded to — and that, I must say, so cruelly and recklessly — in the passage under question. They spoke of it, always and without reserve, in terms of the warmest approval, and of the "certain Miss Bowles" as one of the best and truest women who ever lived. From first to last they were the firmest friends, corresponding regularly, visiting periodically, and living on terms of the closest friendship.

Since the decease of Mr. and Mrs. Warter I have been favored with the perusal of much of the correspondence which passed between them, both before

and after this marriage, which only corroborates, to the fullest extent, the opinion I have often heard them express.

Surely, then, this must be stronger, safer evidence of the true nature of the case than that on which, from mere hearsay information, and taken, by his own admission, at second hand, Carlyle founds this most unjust and utterly erroneous judgment. Nor can it be matter of wonder that strictures such as these on the character of a pure-minded, self-devoted woman should have touched to the very quick many of her surviving relatives and friends, and it is at the instance of one of these, a near connection, that I have been induced to put before the public what I *know* to be truth against what I know, as surely, to be the direct converse of it. And it does seem greatly to be regretted that the editor of these "Reminiscences" did not use the wise discretion entrusted to him of suppressing passages such as this, which he could hardly fail of seeing must give pain to many, while they could really give pleasure to none.

As to "Southey's deep misery of aspect," it is well known to all who know his life that this is to be traced to a cause wholly apart from that to which Mr. Carlyle imputes it — *not* to his second marriage, which my friends have often told me was the one great solace of his darkened days, but wholly to his over-worked and worn-out brain. Of him, if of any one, it might be truly said, "*Nulla dies sine lineâ*."

EDMUND TEW, M.A.

Patching Rectory, Worthing.

From Notes and Queries.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF DR. JOHNSON.

To Mr. Hector, in Birmingham (address).

DEAR SIR, — My mother informs me that you have lately remitted her some money for the receipts. I am very sensibly touched by your kindness. The subscription though it does not quite equal perhaps my utmost hope, for when was hope not disappointed? yet goes on tolerably, and the undertaking will I think be some addition to my fortune, whatever it may be to my reputation.

I rather take it unkindly that you do not from time to time let me hear from you. I am now grown very solicitous about my

old friends, with whom I passed the hours of youth and cheerfulness, and am glad of any opportunity to revive the memory of past pleasures. I therefore tear open a letter with great eagerness when I know the hand in which it is superscribed. Your letters are always so welcome, that you need not increase their value by making them scarce.

I am, sir, your most affectionate friend,
SAM. JOHNSON.

London, Apr. 16, 1757.

To Mr. Hector, in Birmingham (address).

DEAR SIR, — I am very glad of a letter from you upon any occasion, but could wish that when you had despatched business, you would give a little more to friendship, and tell me something of yourself.

The books must be had by sending to Mr. Tonson the receipts and second(?) payment which belongs to him. Any bookseller will do it, or any correspondent here. It would be extremely inconvenient, and uncustomary for me to charge myself with the distribution.

I never refuse any subscriber a new receipt when he has lost that which he had. You have three by which you may supply the three deficiencies. When the former receipts are found they must be destroyed.

If Mr. Taylor be my old friend, make my kindest compliments.

My heart is much set upon seeing you all again, and I hope to visit you in the spring or summer, but many of my hopes have been disappointed. I have no correspondence in the country, and know not what is doing. What is become of Mr. Warren? His friend Paul has been long dead. And to go backward, what was the fate of poor George Brylston?

A few years ago I just saluted Birmingham, but had no time to see any friend, for I came in after midnight with a friend, and went away in the morning. When I come again I shall surely make a longer stay; but in the mean time should think it an act of kindness in you to let me know something of the present state of things, and to revive the pleasure which your company has formerly given to,

Dear sir, your affectionate
and most humble servant,
SAM. JOHNSON.

Decr. 8, 1765.